JOHN BULL

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The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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By JOHN BULL, Junr.

"All that Glitters is not Gold."

THAT is just what our Mary Ann said the other day when she received a very nice ring until she failed to find the King's mark omit. I have been in the world a bit too long myself to be deceived by appearances. I should never have held my farm as long as I have if I'd listened to all the tales I've heard about the merits of 'cheap foods' I've been offered. The fact is, one can't judge by appearances. There is that Molassine Meal: about the most uninviting looking stuff that ever I had in my place, but you should see the effect of it on the cattle, horses, sheep, and on the poultry, too. Haven't we had some eggs since we began to give it to the chickens! In fact, it is all that is claimed for it, and that is saying a good deal. I have never been without it since I found its wonderful value. Only last week I ordered a other 5-ton lot, and if it is not sent in to-day I shall have to write to THE MOLASSINE Co. (1907), LTD., 36, Mark Lane, London, E.C., to hurry it forward.

John Bull Jnr.

Fry's

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Without Fear or Favour—Rancour or Rant.

Vol. III. No. 66. Saturday, September 7th, 1907. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, at 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, according to whether they relate to Editorial or business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, *unless otherwise signed, is editorial.*

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THEATRES, ENTERTAINMENTS, ETC.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES. EVERY EVENING at 8 (doors open 7.40), a NEW MUSICAL PLAY, entitled "THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG." Box office open daily from 10 till 10.

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SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICE.

We are quite full up with short stories for some time to come, and it will save authors trouble if they will kindly refrain from submitting any further MSS. at present.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Our Weekly Ballot Scheme for the Selection of ten Readers to Devote One Week of their Spare Time to Pushing the Sale of "John Bull" in return for a Five Pound Note.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week ten of such numbers are drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of FIVE POUNDS, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation.

As we have already explained, the scheme is in no sense a lottery. We desire to increase our sales, and prefer to have canvassers who are already readers rather than strangers. Every reader can, without interference with present occupation, find ample opportunity in the course of a week for making our journal better known. He can distribute specimen copies (a supply of which we shall be happy to forward) amongst his friends and neighbours; he can interview newsagents and bookstall clerks; he can acquaint us of any difficulty he may experience in obtaining copies; he can show and discuss the paper in the train, the tram, the 'bus, the office, the workshop—and in a thousand other ways he can render us good service.

In addition to the £5, Messrs. Curson Bros., the well known tailors, of 60 and 62, City Road, have promised to present to every holder one of their suits to measure, absolutely free of charge; or, in the case of a lady reader, a macintosh cloak or rain-proof coat of similar value.

For trade reasons, it is necessary that there should be an interval of a few weeks between the publication of each issue and the announcement of the numbers.

After going to press last week, we received the following claims in respect of our issue of July 20th:—

Mrs. GEORGE RICHARDSON, Bank Cottage, Dungannon, Co. Tyrone, Ireland (No. 043419).

Mr. CHARLES MARKEY, 62, Trinity Square, Brixton, S.W. (No. 066905).

Cheques have been duly forwarded to these two readers.

As we have, up to the time of going to press, received no claims in respect of our issue of July 27th, we repeat the ten numbers:—

196,389	201,290
158,773	230,375
211,640	159,921
232,503	178,587
146,114	224,386

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TEN NUMBERS FOR OUR ISSUE OF AUGUST 3RD:—

149,418	228,265
230,554	229,617
140,071	146,793
165,127	148,086
144,366	206,131

We shall be glad to hear from any readers possessing any of the above numbers.

THE TEN NUMBERS TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK WILL RELATE TO OUR ISSUE OF AUGUST 10TH.

THE TEN NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED OCTOBER 12TH (PUBLISHED OCTOBER 10TH).

No correspondence can be entered into with regard to this Scheme, it being simplicity itself.

The decision of the Editor upon all points is absolutely final.

Drawings take place every Saturday. Any reader wishing to be present at such drawings will be notified of the time and place of same, provided he applies to us not later than first post on Thursdays.

Will any reader holding a successful number, and who does not desire to claim the £5, bear in mind that it is competent for him to transfer it to any deserving person known to him, and who would be willing to devote his spare time for one week to furthering our sales?

THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Readers often ask us how they may become Freemasons. We advise them not to bother about it—more especially as most of them have an idea that membership of the craft is calculated to enhance their material prospects. They have an idea that Freemasonry, being a gospel of universal brotherhood, is the golden road to success. But they are likely to be sorely disappointed. Of course, if a man really acted up to the precepts of Masonry, he would be a good man. Equally so if he acted up to the Golden Rule. We refer to the original Golden Rule, as preached by Confucius: Never do unto another that which you would not have him do unto you. But in actual life Masonry is a failure. Men are *not* good Masons. All of which it has occurred to us to write in consequence of the receipt of a letter from the wife of a mason telling us how her husband and another mason are being persecuted by their chief, in a Government department, who is high up in the craft. It is only a variant of the old invocation to see how the Christians love one another. In this connection we recall the words of Dibdin, written in 1790:—

"What makes you think the world is round?
Give me the reason fair."
"Because so very few are found
Who act *upon the square*."

Mr. Gillespie, the West Ham magistrate, has an original idea of public justice. A grocer was recently charged before him with permitting his shop to be used by his son for betting purposes—doubtless a very heinous offence. If it had been a charge of mixing sand with sugar, or anything of that sort, it, of course, wouldn't so much have mattered. That would simply have concerned the stomachs of the people; but here their moral characters were at stake. And now for Mr. Gillespie. It appears that the defendant was represented by a Mr. Stern, who, in the profundity of his wisdom, thought it a good thing to give evidence as to his client's banking account, thus disclosing the fact that there was a balance of £154. On the other hand, he said there were some "pressing claims" which would reduce this to £30; thus, as it seems to us, inviting the magistrate to annex at least that amount. Hard enough, in all conscience; but Mr. Gillespie is evidently a man with keen commercial instincts. Listen to his judgment: "He could not let the Court stand behind the other creditors; the Court must have 'first cut' at the balance at the bank, *even if the other creditors got nothing*—£50 fine and costs." What do you think of that? The business may be smashed up, the man made bankrupt and the creditors too, all in the cause of public morality. What wrong the poor creditors had done that they should thus be punished passeth human understanding. Which almost leads to the suggestion that perhaps Mr. Gillespie is not quite human.

Dr. Rentoul makes the suggestion that the Queen should institute a Royal Order of Motherhood, to be conferred on those who bring up the greatest number of healthy children. The suggestion seems a little indefinite, for the Order could go only to one mother within a given limit of time. Is a mother of six, contributing her ablest effort, to be denied the order while a mother of sixteen receives it? And will there be any consolation prizes? Dr. Rentoul must explain his idea a little more fully; and before he does so it may be as well to say that as a title the "Order of Motherhood" is unsuitable. The "Order of the Quiver" would be much better. In the meantime, we wish well to any project calculated to stimulate healthy competition.

London is in danger of losing its fleet of steamboats altogether, which would be a pity. The Highways Committee of the Council have been, or are, in secret negotiation for the sale of the Thames fleet, and sooner or later we expect to hear that London's mighty river will see it no more. The L.C.C. themselves are largely to blame for the financial failure of this municipal steamboat service. The engines were too powerful for the boats, the navigation the worst possible, and the service utterly unreliable for business purposes. However, it is useless crying over lost boats. Public confidence and public money have been lost; and the most that can be expected in the circumstances is that the Council will, on pressure, agree to retain two or three of the vessels for purely pleasure trips. We cannot believe that the Council wish to see a deserted river. We don't want that New Zealander on London Bridge just yet.

"Puzzled" recently wrote to the *Daily News*, asking for a list of books to read whilst on his holidays, and he was recommended this little lot: Drummond's "Tropical Africa," Ball's "Story of the Heavens," Darwin's "Origin of Species," George's "Progress and Poverty" (an entrancing and informing work), Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island," Carlyle's "Hero Worship" and his "Past and Present," Plato's "Republic" (or is this psychological?), Macaulay's "Essays," Froude's "Essays," Huxley's "Lay Sermons," Miss Kingsley's "African Travels," Prescott's Works, etc., etc. After careful consideration, however, he has decided to have the two "etc.'s" only and the back volumes of John Bull. We think he has decided wisely.

The *Military Mail* has a fine vein of irony. After talking of the "pluck" of George Karageorgevitch, and calling him "a man after the heart of most West Enders," our contemporary proceeds to tell the story of George's recent visit to Ostend. A lady lost her jewels at the hotel which he had honoured with his patronage, and suspicion not unnaturally fell upon him. It was, doubtless, remembered that his chief friends looted the royal palace at Belgrade after the murders. We do not say he was guilty, but he left Ostend very suddenly, and has no intention of returning. The *Military Mail* further observes: "The pity is that he has not brought his father with him, for we would all dearly like to set eyes on Peter the Troubled." What, only our eyes?

Confidence in our lunatic asylums is not likely to be greatly enhanced by a recent incident. It appears that for a number of years a labourer named Broomfield paid 3s. a week for the maintenance of his wife at Brookwood Asylum. Finding this drain upon his resources more and more severe as he drew nigh to four-score years, he applied for a reduction of the payments. This led to an examination of papers and ledgers, and he was coolly informed that his wife had died in October, 1901. Now, after various manipulations of red tape, the Guardians "have decided to remit the money—amounting to £42—paid by Broomfield since his wife's death." No interest on the involuntary savings, no compensation for all the privations of years, not even a word of apology. We commend these facts to some novelist in search of a plot. He might depict the hero waiting to marry the woman of his heart until the news should come that his mad wife was dead. Or he might go through a form of marriage and endure great mental agony because he imagined himself to be a bigamist. And all the while some asylum would be crippling his resources for the maintenance of a dead woman.

Some ministers of the Gospel seem to have tastes which would be remarkable even in the laity. For instance, Mr. Evelyn Burnaby, clerk in holy orders, recently published his "memoirs of famous trials," chiefly

instructive as a revelation of his own Christian character. When he was a boy, his mother took him as a treat to the Bedford Assizes, and he has never since missed any opportunity of gratifying his morbid cravings. Here are his reminiscences of the Ardlamont trial: "What a merry party we were as we foregathered each evening during the trial, discussing the additional evidence, remarking on the prisoner's coolness, and laying wagers on the verdict—all of us shrouded in fumes of smoke." We dare say his reverence was exceedingly good company over a glass of port, but was it quite wise to write so very frankly?

Most of the evils of journalism in London to-day are due to using the news columns to promulgate opinions. A few years ago a piece of news was regarded by British editors and sub-editors as sacrosanct. Once it passed the test for news, it became inviolable and spoke for itself. Now the news is made to square with the opinion. Every reporter has the liberty and even the licence of a pen which should belong only to the editor, and to him only in his proper place in the columns to which opinion should be rigidly confined. Hardly a news paragraph is written in morning and evening papers to which somebody's opinion is not tacked; so that whether a woman breaks her ankle in crossing the road, or whether a security dips on the Stock Exchange, or any one of a thousand other everyday events occurs, we commonly find that it is due either to a pernicious Government, or a corrupt County Council, or Free Trade, or would, should, or might have been due to it if the circumstances had not been otherwise. "Last night, as Arthur Jones, 36, clerk, was crossing the Strand, he slipped and fell under a motor-bus, and was immediately killed. It was ascertained that he was wearing American imported boots at the time, another terrible object-lesson in the evils of our present Free Trade system, which is not only bringing ruin on the country, but is endangering the lives of the masses of the people." We do not present this as an actual newspaper paragraph, but it is hardly an exaggerated one.

We gather from certain proceedings at a recent meeting of the Strand Guardians that while some people have more babies than they want, others want more babies than they can get. For the baby sent by express post to the Lying-in Hospital, offers were made by as many as forty-three people to adopt it, while since the baby has been taken home by its parents, the Guardians have received a large number of applications for the names of the forty-three, for the applicants also have babies they would like adopted, and the sooner the better. Of course, with one of those babies which never had a mother and doesn't know its father, adoption may easily bring sunshine into some man and woman's childless home; but adoption in cases where the parents merely desire to rid themselves of a responsibility is apt to be disappointing, for it often happens that they reclaim their own. Even if the Strand Guardians had not decided not to give the addresses as requested, it is doubtful whether any of the forty-three would have taken other babies in lieu of the express parcel, carriage paid and right side up, for which they specifically applied. The morbid element would have been absent. And, as "Jim Crow" would say, babies, after all, are morbid things.

"God made the country; man made the town;" and the devil, the Prime Minister added the other day, made the suburbs. He should have said the jerry-builder, though no doubt it comes pretty much to the same thing. Withal, however, there is little doubt that we in London are getting farther and still farther from the roar, and rumble, and hustle of the city. The bread-and-butter worker is tired of back-street flats and "half-houses." Within the last few years trams and tubes have made all the difference. What he loses in "life" he gains in health and rest. Even in his little back garden, cultivated with his own hands, he gains the lost sense of spaciousness. The city is big, but for him it consists of the streets through which he walks from the railway station to and from his work. A few miles out he sees the world in sky, green fields and hedgerows, and trees alive with blossom and song. And that little back plot, with its vegetables and flowers, is a new-found joy to him. He leaves it of a morning with regret; he returns to it at night with delight. Though he has never cultivated a garden before, in time he begins to think of it as part of his life, so much of pleasure it has to give him, so much of knowledge it has to teach him. We must be very careful, therefore, that we do not let our local authorities crowd up our outer suburbs as they have crowded up our great cities, higgledy-piggledy, anything anywhere, till there is hardly a space where man may breathe, unless he goes and sits on the tiles. If the jerry-builder will build a house, see to it that he also gives space for a garden, for by the multiplication of little garden cities we shall add a touch of poetry to our days of toil. And there is room for all the poetry we can get into them.

Nothing like accommodating yourself to circumstances. Giving evidence at Radcliffe the other day, a collier said he didn't know his name, so he had called himself Worral for a time, but, as he couldn't spell it, he had changed it to Smith. It seems to be a luminous idea. He can never get wrong with Smith. The honoured name may be seen at least once up every street and twice up most. It is the glory of every profession and every trade. It is at the Bar, in the Army, in the consulting-room, and in the pulpit. You find it in the diplomatic service, in the police force, in politics, in the City, in Parliament, in Bankruptcy, and in gaol. It is also easily spelled, except abroad, when it comes harder. For instance, in Spanish it is Smithus; Italian makes it Smithi; the Dutchman spells it Schmidt; and the French spell it Smeet. In Iceland it is Smithson; in Poland, it is Schmittiweiski; in Greece, it is Sinikton; in Turkey, it is Seef; and in China it becomes Shimmit. Smith, in fact, is universal. Honour and praise be to it always.

In a recent issue the *Colesberg Advertiser*, Cape Colony, announced that "All the troops in London have been armed. The monarchist leaders have warned the King that the populace is becoming uncontrollable." We regret to state that our contemporary has been woefully misinformed. At the time of writing most of the troops are loaded up with blank; the "monarchist leaders" are having a good time in the peaceful pursuits of life; and the King is as safe as the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. It is true that the sentries are marching back and forth in front of Buckingham Palace, and the Horse Guards are mounted in Whitehall from 10 to 4. But we must point out that this is merely for the entertainment of visitors from the country, and to increase the sale of picture postcards. The *C. A.* had better instruct its correspondent to change his summer beverage. That he has at present evidently flies too quickly to his mind.

The American newspapers have recently published the photograph of the most beautiful woman in the world; and, of course, she is Yankee-made right through. Since then one of the bevy of "buck-eyed daisies" from Ohio, who was lately in London and has since done Paris, has made known her special approbation of the selection, adding on her own account that not only are American women more beautiful than those of any other country, but more natural. Far be it from this widespread journal to cast stones at even the least picturesque of a delightful sex, but if the beauty of American women is to be judged by the samples seen rushing around London with their heads

tied up in mosquito curtains, then it is difficult to see how they are to be turned into picture postcards.

"And the thoughts of men are widened," says the poet, "with the process of the suns." There appears to be no doubt about it. Strange as it may seem, nobody is now orthodox. In some measure heterodoxy is everybody's doxy in these days, even that of the parson, though for obvious reasons he says little about it. But now and again there springs up a candid critic in the tabernacle, and then he begins to say what more timid people dare only think. Quite recently, for instance, the Rev. Dr. Rashdall told the Churchman's Union meeting in London that of thirty-two Old Testament lessons he found only two which were edifying. He went on to say that, for one story, he would abolish that of the falling down of the walls of Jericho, which hardly anybody believed, not even the Bishops; and other stories which should disappear were that of Jael, which he described as horrible, the murder of Agag, Balaam's Ass, the axe-head floating, and Jehu. To these, of course, he might have added the legend about Joshua's sun, the legend of the Universal Flood, and numbers of other remarkable narratives more suited to the pages of the imaginative writer than to the records of historic fact. It would be interesting to hear the heart-secrets and study-reservations of the Episcopal Bench on these and other stories of the kind; but it is too much to hope that we ever shall.

According to the boy in the East-end, "a gent. is a man wot eats 'is jam wiv a knife." That question being satisfactorily answered, may we respectfully inquire, "What is a lady?" We decline to take the answer that a lady is one who says the nastiest things in the nicest way. A correspondent reveals that while at Holland Park Station the other day he offered his seat to one of the sex who was standing in the train. She declined, it seems, "in an approved suffragette tone"—whatever that may be—but at the Marble Arch she dropped into the first seat which became vacant. Our correspondent is perplexed as to what to do another time. Shall he continue to offer his comfortable seat and get snubbed, or shall he keep it and run the risk of being pilloried as impolite? We are not prepared with a final answer; but purely as a tentative experiment we suggest he should relieve his conscience by a compromise, and ask the lady to do him the honour of sitting on his knee.

Can it be that the tasks set to the inmates of our workhouses are too heavy for them to perform? We ask the question because it has been put to the test at Blackburn, where, according to one of the Guardians, "two well-fed members of the Board have failed to do the work set for two inmates, one of whom was one-eyed and the other of whom looked simple." If a morning paper is to be credited, the experiment arose out of a proposal to make able-bodied paupers break 30 cwt. of stone daily—that is, a ton and a half. Looking at it in the cold light of print, this does seem to be like earning your pie in the sweat of your brow; and certainly few people of our acquaintance could earn the pie, even if they could be persuaded to raise the sweat. So far as weary Willy and tired Tim are concerned, the task could hardly be made too hard, short, of course, of cruelty to animals. Unfortunately, it is one thing to set these eminent gentlemen a task, and another to get them to do it. On the other hand, there seems no reason why even able-bodied paupers, if they have come to poverty through the hard, competitive grind of the social mill, should be worked like galley slaves. If all Guardians, before imposing tasks, were themselves to try how they worked out from personal experience, as the two members of the Blackburn Board have done, it seems likely that they would get rather nearer to the righteous mean.

An Irish contemporary makes the striking remark that Irishmen are much better known abroad than Irish goods. With the exception that Irish linen and Irish whisky are familiar in England, and more or less familiar to buyers in the chief capitals of Europe, there is no native product which carries the name of Ireland beyond the limits of its own sea-washed shores. Commercially, therefore, it may be called a hidden nation. Everywhere it is known for its political history and its political struggle, and for little else. Apart from causes, this is a great national loss. Perhaps if Irishmen were business men first and politicians afterwards, both its industries and its politics would benefit by the change. It is a strange phenomenon to the British tourist in Ireland that only Belfast, where the Orangemen and the linen come from, seems a live city of "live" men. Neither Dublin nor Cork is alive in the Belfast sense, and the other towns seem alive with nothing except the tragic shadows of the past. Ireland, in short, is a land of ruined and neglected industries, in part the fault of England, but in part, too, the fault of Irishmen themselves. They keep their politics boiling in blood, and brain, and nerve, so that the industrial and commercial energies of their country are always handicapped. The industrial side of the Irish problem is certainly worth more attention than it receives, for it is on the industrial side, even more than on the political side, that Ireland's national prosperity will have to be built up anew.

One of the daily papers reveals that every fine morning when in London Prince Christian goes out for a walk in St. James's Park, accompanied only by his favourite dog "Jock," his Royal Highness passing through the streets unnoticed. Our contemporary photographically reproduces Prince Christian, also "Jock" on a string, in corroboration. This, therefore, is another illustration of the fact that a gentleman may be a Prince, or even a member of Parliament, and still walk through the streets and be safe from recognition as if he were Jack Jones from Covent Garden Market. Almost every afternoon at four a learned judge walks homewards through the Strand with a top hat on his head and a pipe in his mouth, and nobody either stares, cares, or trembles. Mr. Morley, Mr. Haldane, and "C.-B." may often be seen tripping it through a crowded Whitehall without a head being turned after them, while even Mr. Winston Churchill walks through the madding crowd, who "dunno who 'e are." Apparently, however, there is one whose light nothing hideth, neither by night nor by day, wheresoever he goes, for there is current the legend that one day a gentleman wearing a tremendous cloak, a free-flowing tie, a wonderful hat, and Shakespearean whiskers, was accosted by a countryman in the Strand. "I beg your pardon," remarked the stranger from the country, as he approached the figure and made low obeisance, "but are you anyone in particular?" As a matter of fact he was. He was Mr. Hall Caine.

We get some strange letters in the course of the week. Here is a repent one:—

> Hon. Sir,—Here's a good chance for one of your readers to make a fortune. I've got a son two months old, born with three feet. I'd let him go for a few years, on certain conditions, for £100 to a respectable party.
>
> One of Your Oldest Readers.
>
> P.S.—Will you give me one of those fivers if I'd let you publish his photo? He'd double the sale of "J.B." in one week.

Does any reader wish to make a bid? What *we* want is a youngster with three *heads*.

The Yorkshiremen have a saying that wherever there's geese there's cackle, and wherever there's women there's talk. The reason women talk so much, according to Dr. Maragé, a French specialist, is that the formation of their larynx makes it easier for them to do so than men. Dr. Maragé, however, evidently loses

account of the fact that the voice is merely the instrument on which the brain plays. It seems obvious that if women talk more than men, it is because they have a quicker brain. One of the Greeks said that if even a fool keeps silence he is accounted a wise man, and if and when men make less row than women it must be not only because their brains, as a rule, work more slowly, but because they are afraid of being mistaken for fools. There is, indeed, reason to believe that the allegation that women talk more than men is a gross libel. If a woman did not talk a little to her man when he got home she would be entirely without practice, and her tongue would become atrophied, for he leaves her alone all day and most of the night; but if you yearn to know how a man can talk when he is fairly started you should hear him at his club, or conversing with another man, about a dog, at the "Spotted Cow." It is not women who want gagging, but men. Consider what a lot of work would be done in Parliament if only the dumb were elected.

According to the Inspector of the Middlesex County Council, thousands of pounds sterling are made by bakers and bread dealers through the rapidly-growing practice of selling short-weight bread within the jurisdiction of the Council, who are "determined to put it down"; in which case we do not for a moment doubt that the weight will go up. Heavy punishment should follow the conviction of individuals who rob the people of food in this furtive way. The practice is not confined to the area of the Middlesex County Council alone—or to the bakers. It goes on to an alarming extent in all cities and in many trades—especially with butchers in the poorer districts. In London alone the quantity of food of which the poor are annually robbed is appalling. It cannot be too widely known that, except in the case of fancy loaves, every purchaser is entitled to have his bread sold by weight. As was said in the case of Robinson v. Cliffe, "no baker can safely deliver a single loaf unless he takes scales that it may be weighed on delivery, and that even though it may have been previously weighed at the shop." County Council inspectors cannot be in half-a-dozen places at once; but vigorous prosecutions in discovered cases would soon reduce the number of thieves.

The money to be spent on the purchase of the Cullinan diamond for the King is not the only loss which the Transvaal has made during the past week. Burglars have broken into a Wesleyan chapel at Pretoria and stolen six hundred tracts. That anybody should go after the collection-boxes and come away with the tracts is one of those ironies of which life is so full. No doubt tracts are very excellent literature. They have all the thrill of the penny blood, and their moral tone is unexceptionable. But it is a class of goods which is usually given away regardless of cost. You cannot melt them down like the more costly plate, and turn them into cash, nor can you take them to the butcher, or the baker, or the grocer, and offer them in exchange for the necessaries of life. It looks, therefore, as if the burglars have either met with a sad disappointment, or desire to convert themselves on approved lines. "The Tracts which Saved me, By a Redeemed Burglar," would make improving reading; and we suggest the title to any high-class author of spiritual works in search of a catchy thriller.

For a long time there has been a widespread sense of insecurity with regard to deposits in the Post Office Savings Bank. This will scarcely be allayed by the statement of the Postmaster-General that "no apprehension whatever need be felt" because "the payment of deposits is guaranteed by Parliament, and depositors have as security the whole credit of the nation." Let us take an analogy. Twenty rich men deposit each £1,000 into a common fund, from which they expect to receive 2½ per cent. The treasurer spends the money, and then calmly informs them that "no apprehension whatever need be felt" because depositors have as security the credit of twenty rich men. It is notorious that the Savings Bank deposits have been spent in the South African War. No doubt individual depositors will not lose, but if there were a run on the Savings Bank the deficiency would be made good by taxing the community, a large proportion of whom are depositors. Mr. Buxton's answer, in effect, is this: "Well, if your money has been spent, I can always replace it by dipping into your pockets."

The *Morning Post* has been celebrating the silly season by an instructive correspondence on the "Prospects of the Tory Party." Among the protagonists are gentlemen with the eminently British names of Szlumper and Baumann. Szlumper swims with the present szlump; Baumann wants to rebuild. But how will he make bricks without straw? It is all very well to talk of a Tory party, but who and where is it? What is its name and address? Unionists, Tariff Reformers, Municipal Reformers, Imperialists, Maffickers, Whole-hoggers, and eke Little-piggers we know. But who calls himself a Tory nowadays? Still, the correspondence is instructive, if only because it has revealed a clever young Opportunist like Mr. Baumann, ex-M.P., denouncing the heresies of Birmingham with no uncertain sound. Is he, after all, on the side of the big battalions?

Barnett's Continental Weekly writes:

> I hear that Jim Crow, the eccentric and drastic contributor to JOHN BULL, is coming to investigate the Cercle Mess. What a hot time there'll be in the old town!

The "Cercle Mess" does not mean a fairy ring, but some scandal about baccarat clubs at Aix-les-Bains. This does not interest Mr. Crow, who has now taken the pledge and entered upon the simple life. Cercle Mess, indeed!

John Bull's Biscuits.

AWARD No. 358.

For the headline "Commons rushing through Pills,"

THE *EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 359.

For making one of his characters in a story in the "London Magazine" "watch the North Star rise,"

MR. C. G. CUTCLIFFE HYNE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 360.

For stating that "Dr. Collyer, the well-known American preacher, was born at Keighley, but was taken from there when nine days old to work in the linen factories in the Washburn Valley,"

THE *LEEDS AND YORKSHIRE MERCURY*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 361.

For stating that "Cows wear smoke-coloured glasses when grazing on the snow-covered fields of Russia,"

THE *YORKSHIRE EVENING POST*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 362.

For stating in his Parish Magazine that "on one rock in Cornwall he had counted above two million mussels,"

THE REV. H. LONDON
(Vicar of St. Andrew and St. Michael's, Greenwich)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

I.—IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT.

By Horatio Bottomley, M.P.

The Debating Chamber.

We will begin, if you please, with a bird's-eye view of the scene. Walk with me, then, into the House. It is half-past two in the afternoon. We will go up a narrow little staircase, leading from the Lobby, to the Strangers' Gallery; and now, looking down, we see an oblong chamber with rows of green leather benches on either side, separated by a broad aisle, and divided in the centre by a gangway cutting the benches on either side into half. We thus see four sets of seats, two on the right and two on the left of what we at once recognise as the Speaker's chair—in front of which is a large table for the accommodation of the Clerks of the House. A portion of the gallery in which we stand is reserved for Peers, and another for Distinguished Strangers, whilst on either side of the chamber is a gallery for the accommodation of Members who, in a full House, are unable to find seats below. We won't stop to reflect upon the anomaly of a House of Commons which hasn't room for anything like all its members, for the time is getting on, and we must have a look at the Reporters' Gallery in front of us, at the other end of the hall, nearly over, and just at the back of, the Speaker's chair; and at that mysterious railed-in contrivance at the back and above it, known as the "Grille," where lady visitors are caged in. Nor must we pause to consider the irony and taste of confining such female citizens as may be wishful to follow our proceedings in a parliamentary monkey-house. For it is now twenty minutes to three and members are beginning to stroll in, armed with the Orders of the Day, Blue Books, Returns, Bills, and other documents. And now we must go downstairs, for the House meets at a quarter to three, and no stranger—not even the Clerks at the Table—may be present until after prayers.

The Lobby.

We wait in the Lobby a few minutes. Here we find an army of attendants grouped in a corner—doorkeepers, messengers, policemen, and others—whilst a crowd of people, Members and their friends, stand in orderly rows along half the length of the place in interested curiosity and conversation. There comes a weird cry from the furthermost end of a distant corridor, "Speak-er," followed by the command of one of the constables, "Hats off, strangers."

The Speaker's Procession.

All of which means that the Speaker has left his library and is about to enter the House. A slight stir amongst the crowd, and we observe a strange procession—very solemn and very dignified. It is headed by a stately attendant carrying a golden wand, followed by the Serjeant-at-Arms in Court uniform, with the mace upon his shoulder, and the Speaker, in his Court wig and gown—the latter held by the train-bearer—and the Chaplain, in his sombre robes. We watch them as far as the entrance to the House, and notice that the doors are then closed and guarded by attendants.

The House Assembles.

"Prayers over," calls one of these officials, and we hasten upstairs to the Gallery to witness the commencement of the day's work. We see reporters rushing into the Press Gallery, bewigged Clerks taking their seats at the Table, Ministers and Front Opposition Bench men sauntering to their places. And here it may be mentioned that none of these distinguished men ever come to prayers. It may be that they are past praying for, or, on the other hand, that they have found salvation in their salaries and their pensions. Perhaps, too, even fewer ordinary Members would turn up to their devotions but for the fact that the only way to secure a seat for the day is by being present at prayer time. The House is now settling down, and we remark that the members of the Government and their supporters sit on the right of the Chair—the more independent and "unattached" amongst them occupying the seats below the dividing gangway to which we have already referred. On the left there is the official Opposition—ex-Ministers in the front row—and as this section is at present numerically small, the whole of the benches below the left gangway are available for the Irish Members, who occupy the three back rows, and the Labour Members, who sit in front.

Business Begins.

"Order, order!" says the Speaker, rising. "The Clerk will now proceed to read the titles of the Private Bills set down for consideration this day." You must understand that business begins with unopposed items of this kind—Second and Third Readings of Railway, Water and Tramway Bills, Provisional Orders, and so on, and the granting of Returns. But if any Member says "I object," the item cannot be proceeded with at that stage; it must take its chance, like any other measure, of getting a date for its discussion. Then we come to Questions—and the fun begins.

It is the privilege of every Member to question Ministers upon public affairs, but he must, except in certain special cases, give previous notice of his intention so to do, and the Question then appears upon the Order Paper, and is taken as read. The Speaker accordingly, with the Paper in his hand, calls upon Members in the order in which their Questions appear. Glancing to his left, he simply calls on "Mr. Jones," and that gentleman rises in his place and says, "I beg to ask the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs the Question standing in my name." The Minister thereupon proceeds to read the answer which theoretically he has himself prepared, but which, in actual practice, has been settled for him by one or other of the permanent officials of his Department. You will notice that the Member putting the question is dissatisfied with the answer; and he accordingly rises again and puts a supplementary interrogation, with the object of further elucidating the matter. Other Members join in, until the subject, in the opinion of the Speaker, has been sufficiently exhausted. Of course, after the formal answer has been read, the Minister is thrown entirely upon his own resources, and it is the recognised means of escape, on finding himself in a dilemma, for him to get out of the difficulty by remarking, "I must ask for notice of that question."

"Question Time."

In this connection I may relate a story of an extremely cautious Minister, who has never been known to commit himself to anything outside the formal answer prepared by his Department. In reply to a question, he is reported to have read a very elaborate and complicated statement—which left the inquiring Member no wiser than he had been before. Rising in his place, therefore, and addressing the Minister again, he said, "May I respectfully ask the right hon. gentleman whether I am to understand his reply as being in the affirmative or in the negative?"—to which at once came the stereotyped rejoinder, "I must ask for notice of that question!"

Presenting Bills.

Questions over, the Speaker next calls upon Members desirous of presenting Bills. This is a purely formal item of business, consisting of the handing in of "dummy" Bills to the Clerk at the Table, that counting as equivalent to a First Reading. It will thus be seen that a member is able to obtain the First Reading of any kind of measure without the leave of the House. When, under another kind of procedure, he formally asks for leave, claiming the right (as he may do) to verbally expound his proposals, the House may or may not grant the First Reading.

(To be continued.)

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

"A Fatal Dose." By Fred M. White. (London: Ward, Lock, 1907. Price 6s.)

"Doctor Burton." By Archibald Clavering Gunter. (London: Ward, Lock, 1907. Price 6s.)

I take these books together because they belong to the same school. They are frankly melodramas, such as thrill the gods on the Surrey side. They bristle with sensations. Murders, robberies, ambuscades, plots, and counterplots succeed one another like the bits of glass in a fiercely shaken kaleidoscope. We are bewildered by the violence of a ceaseless glare until, like pilgrims in an Oriental desert, we pant for a tiny patch of shade. But the authors are wise enough to withhold this. They know that, if we were once allowed to cool our fevered brows we should recognise the mirage. Never for an instant must we be allowed to emerge from our hypnotic state until the last page shall have been turned. A course of such reading must be very bad for the nerves, but this is a feverish age, and stimulants are evidently popular, even in literature. Messrs. White and Gunter seem to have a vogue, like the purveyors of drugs which are sold as tonics. But a period of reaction is bound to follow, a period of morose introspection, a desire to be rid of a bad habit; and then the purveyors of such books and such pills are regarded as quacks.

I hope I am not writing my criticism in any such physical or mental state, but I am merely the taster, and it is my professional duty to my clients, the consumers of books, to pronounce the effect which books have on the palate and system. These two undoubtedly excite during and depress after perusal. I admit a mechanical skill in devising the various parts of the plot; an ingenious arrangement of unexpected shocks. But there is not sufficient originality to satisfy the patent office of my mind; the whole machine is starved for the want of a drop of the oil of probability. These books are mere whirligig fireworks, which can only serve to astonish for a brief space. There is scarcely a single credible detail. Too great a strain has been put upon our ignorance and carelessness of simple facts.

A few instances will suffice to establish my suggestion that these stories are neither original nor plausible. Dr. Burton is merely an American Sherlock Holmes. He discusses all his plans with another doctor, who is supposed to tell the stories, and who is much the same foil and fool as Dr. Watson. Apart from this, there is an atmosphere of Conan Doyle running through both books. But Conan Doyle is always probable. Motives, characters, causes, and effects all fit in like bits of mosaic. Mr. Gunter trips in this respect very often; Mr. White all the time. Let me condense one characteristic episode in Mr. White's book. Mrs. Marsh, an adventuress, who has obtained a high place in society, visits a jeweller named Monkwell. £1,000 worth of diamonds disappear, and she cheerfully offers to be searched. Nothing is found. But Monkwell comes uninvited to a supper-party in her flat, and observes a pot of asparagus-fern, which he knows is unique. He guesses at once that she hid the diamonds in the earth of the pot, that she went to his florists and asked to be supplied with asparagus-fern, whereupon they fetched his away and brought it to her flat. Taxed with this, she confesses at once and agrees (verbally) to pay him £1,000 in a few days. But she has only £1,000, and does not wish to be left penniless. So she determines to become engaged to Philip Hardy, who happens to be engaged to Lena Grey. No sooner said than done. She joins them at the house-party of a duchess, breaks off the Hardy-Grey engagement by a transparent trick, and becomes engaged to Hardy a few minutes later. She hears that Monkwell has taken out a warrant, and will have her arrested there and then unless she finds £1,000. (Mr. White has evidently never heard of compounding a felony.) Instead of producing her own £1,000, she promptly steals Hardy's family heirlooms in the most open way, walks about the drawing-room holding the cases behind her back, and slips out to see the men who have come to arrest her. She thinks a sight of the diamonds will satisfy them, but they say they must have a priceless necklace; so she gives it to them, they take it to Monkwell, and the plot soon thickens. The cream of all this is that she is supposed to be an adventuress of almost supernatural cleverness. The rest of the story is in the same vein. Yet it excites without flagging from cover to cover. That is why I have noticed it at such prodigious length. It is a marvellous mixture. If only it had been intended as an extravaganza, I should have gratified Mr. White with my compliments.

"Spirit Lake." By Arthur Heming. (New York and London: Macmillan, 1907. Price $1 50c.)

Here are some sketches of Canadian Indians. They go into considerable detail as to the appearance, character, family life, superstitions, hunting methods, cunning and financial ability of the natives. I dare say they would interest any one who contemplated a visit to their district. The book is smoothly written, perhaps too smoothly written, for it appears to drift all the time. One passage must, however, be saved from oblivion:

> The smokers among the men, women, and children squatting before him, puffed away at their tobacco—all save a boy of six, who withdrew his pipe from his mouth and held it aside while he refreshed himself from his mother's breast.

"The Sword of Peace." By Alice and Claude Askew. (London: Everett. Price 3s. 6d.)

This is an amusing, though utterly improbable, extravaganza. We are told of a society of rich people who arrange to create a gigantic trust, with the intention of starving out governments, so that they will be impotent to make war. The conspirators forget that force will always prevail against any agglomeration of capital, which may seek to upset governments. They also make the mistake of forgetting that, in order to crush the belligerency of governments, labour should not be alienated. These shortcomings in the peace plot would have made an excellent substratum for the plot of a romance in the hands of such clever writers as A. and C. Askew. Unfortunately they wander off into gross improbabilities. The society of astute persons deliberately adopts an amiable young lady as leader, and she naturally objects to her consequent unpopularity among strikers and labour leaders. It is wonderful that, in spite of all the nonsense, this is a readable and even exciting book. Some of the characters are really very well drawn.

"A Dash for a Throne." By Arthur W. Marchmont. (London: Hutchinson. Price 6d.)

This is a new edition, but deserves recommendation at this season of the year. It will make the stuffiest railway journey pass like a flash, and even relieve the monotony of a British seaside resort. Every page is exciting, the characters are lifelike, and there is an atmosphere of probability throughout the most sensational episodes. I have enjoyed the story thoroughly, and recommend it with confidence.

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AMONG THE MUMMERS.

TRADE UNIONISM AND THE STAGE.

The old-style actor, the Man with the Blue Chin and a tickle in the throat, is very indignant. Not with Jim Crow! It is the new-style actor who is indignant with Jim Crow, and not entirely without reason. For the modern actor, as Jim Crow sees him, is almost as true to life as—well, as the old-style actor's character creations. James is responsible for one of the busiest weeks of my life; I have spent the past seven days alternatively explaining and disowning him, according to the temper and likeability of the particular new-style actor with whom I was confronted. They all love Jim—when he attacks the other people; they are all annoyed excessively with James just now. The old-style actor is a very different creature from these bright young men (and brighter young maidens) who have fallen out with Jim. The old-style actor fell out with one, and continues to fall out with one, on vaster issues than those raised by Mr. Crow. Svengali complained that he had been insulted by his landlady, who had asked him for his rent. The old-style actor has been insulted, too, and almost as deeply. The labour agitator has touched him on the raw. The labour agitator has asked this "genius with the watery eye" to—join a trade union, has suggested to him that he is a worker (even a comrade), has called upon him to put down sixpence a week, and in various other ways to shape himself like a mere ordinary self-respecting member of the manual or mental labouring classes. The blue chin has been so overcome by the request that it has forgotten in its disgust to close with the accustomed relish on its 11 o'clock whisky. The old-style actor is appalled. It was quite a different thing to belong to an Actors' Association, which devoted itself assiduously to doing naught, and like Sir Schwenk Gilbert's House of Lords (which was far superior to the actual one) did it very well. True, the subscription was a bit of a bore, but, after all, you got your value in newspapers and an address, and a handy place to ask men of substance to call round at and see you about dogs and things. Besides all this, did not the Actors' Association provide one with medical attendance under price? But all this talk of unions and minimum wages, and demands for this and insistence on the other, is beyond our old-style (and sometimes quite young) friend. He is an artist, he has trod the boards with or hopes to do so. Doctors may fix fees and lawyers costs, Henry—or someone of equal note in the history of England—and journalists salaries and printers wages; he will not sink his individuality; he has a personality if no complexion, he will dispose of his art in his own way on his own terms.

AT RULE'S.

That they happen to be usually the terms of one of those unscrupulous managers, who make it so hard for the good managers to keep afloat, the old-style actor chooses to ignore when he is in oratorical mood at Rule's, or other centre of profitable dramatic debate and professional news distribution. In short, the old-style mummer is generally a conservative ass, where his economic interest is concerned; and artistic interest, as a rule, is built solid on economic interest. The new-style actor is wise to band himself together with his fellows in a reformed Actors' Association that will be at once employment agency and conserver and extender of the employed one's rights, or in an Actors' Union that steadily will pursue the path of professional betterment, by association with the Trade Union Congress or the Federation of Trade Unions, or in any other fitting way. At the outset of a progressive policy such bodies are sure to make mistakes; but they will make fewer with experience to teach and a larger and more representative membership to give ballast and impress responsibility. The organisation of the actor need not mean war—except such war as needs waging as much on behalf of the higher type of manager, like Mr. George Edwardes, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Frederick Harrison, Mr. J. E. Vedrenne, and a few others, as on behalf of the rank and file of the business. Organisation, indeed, should mean the pacific negotiation of difficulties by delegates from both sides, from the united workers and the united employers; the bringing of professional order out of professional chaos. The reputable manager who cannot see this seems to me short-sighted: the employed (or unemployed) person who will not see it is stupid or a snob. Fortunately, alike for the art and the business of the theatre, the old-style actor is a fast disappearing quantity: the new-style actor, whatever his faults—and I feel always that they are nearly as numerous as my own, if fewer than Mr. Crow's—is a better educated and a more liberal man. In him are at least the beginnings of wisdom; and one of the most striking evidences of this fact is the belated decision to combine his interests and concentrate his influence in a trade-union organisation.

THE CHURCH AND THE STAGE.

The Rev. Donald Hole has written me a long and courteous letter on the Actors' Church Union, in which he thanks me for quoting his previous letter at length, but repeats that he thinks I have failed to understand the exact purpose of the Union. He adds:—

(1) You say that the A.C.U. report gives no instance of the relief of genuine distress "which could not have been dealt with satisfactorily by the Actors' Benevolent Fund, the Actors' Association, the Actors' Union, the Theatrical Ladies' Guild, or the local clergy in the course of their regular duty." This, you think, proves that our Union is "needless." So it would, if our Union professed to be a "charity" or an organisation for the relief of distress. But we do not profess anything of the sort, and we have no funds at our disposal for such purposes. In instances where the Chaplains have rendered pecuniary assistance, they have done so in their capacity of "local clergy in the course of their regular duty." In the official instructions which we issue to our Chaplains we lay down as follows:—"Cases may easily occur where temporary assistance is imperatively necessary, and Chaplains will use their discretion *as in the case of any other distress which meets them in the course of their parochial duty*. In cases where more permanent help is necessary, Chaplains should co-operate with the Actors' Benevolent Fund and the Theatrical Ladies' Guild."

(2) You consider a special organisation unnecessary, because you believe "that the sources of spiritual stimulus and the avenues for spiritual activity are quite sufficiently supplied by the parochial organisations" of the Church of England. But, Sir, the Actors' Church Union is not a *substitute* for the parochial organisation of the Church, it is merely an attempt to render that organisation more effective, and to bring it to bear more readily upon a particular class of parishioners. The A.C.U. Chaplain is, as a rule, the incumbent of the parish in which the theatre or professional lodgings are situated. If special circumstances render it desirable to appoint some other priest, it is done with the approval and authority of the Bishop of the Diocese. You may say that, in your opinion, such extension of the ordinary parochial organisation is unnecessary, but, surely, this is a matter in respect of which the Bishops and clergy themselves may be allowed to possess some qualifications for arriving at a sound judgment. . . .

(3) "The ideal at which we aim is a regular weekly visit paid by the Chaplains to the members of the theatrical companies which come to their towns, *whether they happen to belong to the Union or not*." This you characterise as "organised impertinence." A reader unacquainted with the facts of the case might infer from your remarks that the Chaplain is urged to call, week after week, upon some unfortunate individual who does not in the least wish to see him. But when it is borne in mind that the theatrical lodgings *change their occupants every week*, it is obvious that the "ideal" simply amounts to this—that the priest shall endeavour to make the acquaintance of all his parishioners. This "ideal" is part of the ordinary conception of the Church's work, and is by no means peculiar to the Actors' Church Union. If it be an "impertinence" for a parish priest to call upon a stranger who has come to reside in his parish—then of course your indictment of the Actors' Church Union is justified—but not otherwise. The fact that the stranger happens to be engaged in the theatrical profession, and that he only resides in the parish for one week, can make no difference to this aspect of the question. Nor does such a visit imply that the clergy "press their propaganda upon the privacy of the common citizen." You say quite rightly that "most touring actors are gentlemen." Would it be presumption to assert that most parochial clergy are gentlemen also? When two gentlemen meet, neither is likely to transgress the canons of good taste. The Chaplain's visit is, in the first instance, an act of common courtesy. Should the "other gentleman" not desire further intimacy, the Chaplain certainly would not press it, nor proffer services which were clearly unwelcome. . . .

THE OPEN QUESTION.

I must apologise for omitting a couple of lengthy paragraphs from Mr. Hole's letter, although I hope he will agree with me that the omissions do not decrease its clearness or lessen its potency. Evidently I have failed to convince its hon. secretary that the Actors' Church Union is needless, as he has failed to convince me that it is necessary. My readers have now had both sides of the question placed fully before them—the case for the Union, such as it is, with conspicuous ability and force. It remains for the public generally, and for the actors in particular, to come to their own conclusions on the evidence adduced.

P.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS.

Referring to the letter we published in our issue of August 24th, under the head of "Human Documents," and which related to an unfortunate young man who was searching in vain for work, we have received a letter from him in which, in thanking us for making known his distress, he tells us that he has obtained temporary employment with Mr. B. Wilford, decorator, of 74, High Street, Newport Pagnell. We trust Mr. Wilford will have no occasion to regret the helping hand he has held out to this young man.

BLACKMAIL.

By Fred G. Palmer.

Bertie and Charlie were young men who moved in quite high places in Society, none of your middle-class suburban circles for them. One holds a deservedly high position in the Navy, and the other is heir to an earldom. If they read these lines they will know who "Bertie" and "Charlie" are; you don't, but no matter.

They had tired of their friends, male and female, and were looking around for something new. After all, it palls on one to play bridge with ladies who either cheat or don't pay. I am not giving my own experience here, for it is not my sphere, but I rely on Father Vaughan.

Well, the two young men wanted a diversion, and were discussing the relative merits of a motor-ride across the Sahara, and a balloon trip to Klondyke, when Charlie caught sight of a Souse, Eatem and Smashem advertisement, which held forth the charms of a holiday at Merry Margarty.

"THE thing, Bertie!" he cried.

"It is; come, let us away. But not a word to a soul."

Arrived, they put up at the best hotel, and began to enjoy themselves. They had not been many hours on the jetty or round some of those band-stands before they picked up two charmers, who gave them highly-coloured and very circumstantial accounts of their wealthy parents and fine homes.

"Shop-girls!" whispered Charlie.

Days sped in happy holiday. The young men were thoroughly enjoying themselves in the unconventional society of the young ladies.

They had reached the sentimental stage, and a lonely part of the cliffs, one day, so they sat down in pairs at some little distance from each other. Conversation grew more and more treacley, and at last, Bertie, turning his gaze of ardent affection from the humid depths of his love's fond orbs, or thereabouts, saw a pimply-faced youth in the act of snap-shotting him with a hand-camera.

"You blackguard!" he cried, springing to his feet. As he did so, he could not help noticing that the camerist bore a very striking likeness to the girl beside him.

"Pardon, my lord," said the youth, grinning from ear to ear, and possibly half-way down his back as well, only Bertie could not see that side of him. "Pardon, but I am a journalist, and my snap-shots go into all the smart Society papers. I get a guinea each for them," he paused suggestively. Bertie advanced, but he backed away, and Bertie's charmer threw her fair arms around the angry young man, crying:

"Oh! mind he doesn't hurt you."

Bertie assured her that he fancied he was quite able of holding his own against a sickly looking beast like that, and begged her to move her restraining arms, but the poor girl was too anxious for his safety.

Seeing his victim thus held, the blackmailer stopped and offered to sell the negative at face value, one guinea.

Bertie knew that he must be wily or else the blackguard would escape, so he agreed to pay. He put his hand into his pocket, and then his jaw dropped.

"My word, I have no money. I must have left my purse on the table in the restaurant."

"That's no go, my lord; brass up!"

"But man, how can I? Oh! perhaps my friend can lend me a sovereign."

"Is he your friend, my lord?" asked the youth blandly, indicating Charlie's direction with his thumb. "Good biz. I have already took his portrait for him."

At this moment Charlie appeared.

"Say, old man, can you lend me a jimmy?" cried Bertie. "This gentleman has taken my portrait, and I want to buy the copyright. He has yours, too—see what I mean?"

Charlie did, for without another word he sprang at the pimply gentleman, and Bertie, freeing himself from the loving arms still about him, joined in the chase. The two fleet, well-trained young men soon caught the photographer, who began to whimper. Bertie seized the camera, and with a quick jerk threw open the back and pulled out the pack of films. He dashed the camera against a big boulder, and then opened the film-pack, carefully exposing each one to the light before tossing the whole lot into a rock-pool.

Meanwhile, Charlie was agitating the would-be blackmailer, having thoroughly trounced him in the ordinary way and showed him a number of Ju-jitsu holds. Then he called to Bertie, who had now finished with the camera, and together they carried him to the pool, and the next moment saw the unhappy youth drop with a splash into the limpety waters of the pool.

"That is enough to teach him a lesson, I think," said Charlie.

"And us, too, old man!" added his chum.

And Merry Margarty knew them no more.

THE CURSE OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Faith Cures and Quacks Cannot Cure Chest and Lung Troubles.

The very large amount of space that our leading daily journals are giving to subjects such as "Our General Slackness," "Healthy Living," and "The Value of Christian Science" is a sure sign that there is an earnest endeavour to improve the health of the nation and the individual.

The remarkable series of letters that have appeared on the subject of "Christian Science" shows a determined effort to fight against ignorance and superstition, and to point to those who suffer from illness some really radical means of cure.

Christian Science can be no better explained than by saying it is a supposed means of curing by faith and a belief in the non-existence of things evil.

It is difficult to believe that a man with a wooden leg can by extreme faith and hard thinking restore that wooden one to a perfect flesh and blood article, and therefore it is equally difficult for us to believe that a man with half of his respiratory or functional organs in decay can restore them by ardent thought.

It is safe to say—although it may sound harsh—that there is a great deal too much thought in cases of illness. Action is necessary to those who wish to be cured, and "do something" is the best advice to those who silently sit and suffer.

The folly of this "do nothing" policy is often too painfully apparent in those who suffer with chest ailments. Perhaps for year in and year out they have been sitting in the same spot, just waiting for the change that will bring them health. In the meantime the vital tissues of the lungs, the breathing-force of the body, are surely being eaten away.

TO RESTORE WASTED LUNGS.

No amount of thinking can cure diseased lung tissue in its many forms, such as consumption, asthma, bronchitis, or general chest complaints. That dry wheezing, the tightness across the chest, that dry burning feeling between the shoulders, that hacking, shaking cough, that profuse expectoration or shortness of breath—these will only disappear when practical steps are taken and a rational treatment is undergone.

One of the greatest living authorities on chest and lung diseases is Professor Heynal, and he has definitely stated that the only cure for such troubles—the only means of rebuilding the lungs when diseased—is not by means of drugs, but by a scientifically adapted natural process.

The success of the Nature cure in this country has been strikingly shown. Many of our readers will perhaps remember that there is established in Sussex an Institute where the most modern and most successful adoption of the Nature cure, known as the Weidhaas Treatment, is carried on. Not only are there actual sufferers from chest and lung troubles in the Institute, but from this centre, under the supervision of the chief consulting specialist—Professor Heynal—cures are directed at the patient's own home. By this means any person who suffers from asthma, bronchitis, lung weakness, wheezing, shortness of breath, or severe chest colds, may in his or her own home enjoy the benefits of a natural cure that has proved marvellously successful.

A GREAT HOPE FOR SUFFERERS.

To those who read this news for the first time, and who are sufferers, a new hope is opened up. We may add that Professor Heynal has prepared a most remarkably interesting book, which tells all about the Weidhaas Treatment, and how it has been the means of permanently curing the most chronic cases of chest and lung trouble. Professor Heynal's book, which is entitled "Dum Spiro, Spero" ("Whilst I Breathe I Hope"), will be sent free of charge to all those to whom it would be of value.

TO OBTAIN SPECIALIST'S ADVICE.

It should be unnecessary to emphasise the fact that free advice is offered—advice that has brought health and strength to many people once lingering in the throes of the most dreaded of all forms of disease—the scourge of lung troubles.

If you are a sufferer from Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, Catarrh, or any form of Chest Complaint, and are anxious to learn how you may cure yourself, you are invited to write to the Head Specialist of the Weidhass Hygienic Institute for a copy of the book "Dum Spiro, Spero." Those writing should state fully the nature of the trouble from which they are suffering, so that the head specialist may be able to give special advice relative to their case. There is no charge made for this advice, or for the book.

You can be cured of your ailment in your own home, but it is for you to take the initial step, and write for the book. Surely it is well worth while to spend five minutes in a search for health. Remember, the address for our readers to write to is the Head Specialist of the Weidhaas Hygienic Institute, 36E, Burgess Hill, Sussex.—[Advt.]

THE GATE OF MERCY.

By Theodore Dahle.

Aaron Rawlins had taken much from the world and given little or nothing to it. The business which he had created was now a machine which hummed, and throbbed, and whirled without a touch of his hand.

His pastures, green before he bought them, would still feed the dumb cattle if he passed away. The harvest home would still be sung from his golden fields when his voice was stilled. His houses would stand, and his investments add interest to interest, whether he lived or died. All he had got out of life was a bank balance. All he had given to it was selfishness. All he could carry away from it was a naked, shivering soul. He had written the chapters of his life in water.

And one day a hand unseen was laid upon him heavily. So suddenly did it clutch at him and so tightly did it grip him, that it made him tremble. From his bed in the big house where he laboured for his life's breath, in delirium and pain he looked into the Valley of the Shadow, and in vain strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of the light beyond. But the valley loomed blacker and blacker the longer he glared into it. The terror, and vastness, and loneliness, and silence of it grew upon him, till he cried aloud that in pity his face might be turned away from it and his feet be led into the light.

He covered his face with his hands. His lips moved. Then it seemed that out of the vast wastes of the valley a voice answered his unuttered pleading and bade him live.

For the long weeks of his convalescence he lay thinking and planning out his life-to-be. From now he would make it a good thing.

Late one afternoon in the summer time he left his room and stepped into the outer world again. He drew the warm free air into his lungs, and felt how splendid a thing it was to be alive.

A woman, pallid and hungry, was dragging herself wearily past his door as he reached the street. A child, huddled in a shawl, was in her arms. Something she saw in his face as she caught sight of him—something of tenderness which had softened the hard thin line of his mouth and the steel of his eyes, made her pause.

"You are hungry," he said.

The question startled the woman in its quick directness.

"I haven't tasted food for a whole day, sir," she answered, with her face turned away.

"Then—then why not go into the workhouse?" he said.

He did not mean to speak unkindly. But his old habit of thinking that everybody who was poor should go into the workhouse flashed into words before he realised their cruelty.

The woman gazed up at him dumbly, piteously. Then, hurt in that strange pride which so many of the poor treasure as their only possession, she turned her eyes to the stones.

"I—I can't go in there, sir," she faltered. "It would—it would break my heart."

With a shiver she turned aside from him, and passed slowly and heavily on her aimless way.

Aaron Rawlins stood and watched her. Here was the test of his new resolutions. Here was his first chance since his long illness to do some one good thing to a human soul, voluntarily, ungrudgingly. He hurried after the woman.

"I'm sorry for the way I spoke just now," he said. "Return with me, will you?"

Without speaking, for the woman's heart was a desolation, she turned, and Aaron Rawlins walked by her side till they were again at the steps of his house.

"Come," he pressed, as she stood hesitant.

"Inside?" she questioned, with frightened face.

"Yes, certainly. Why not?" he answered.

He did not wait for her reply. He led her into the hall, to the amazement of the uniformed dummy of a man who kept the door. From the hall he beckoned her to follow him into the dining-room. Presently he had good things brought in to her, and he sat at the table with her, while she and the child ate. So strangely happy did he feel now, that he presently took the child from the woman's knees, and petted and fondled it till it smiled into his face.

"Tell me your name," he said to the woman.

"Grelling, sir," she answered, and a look of mingled fear and shame dulled her eyes.

"Grelling? Grelling?" repeated Aaron Rawlins, deep-breathing in sudden recollection.

So fixed was his gaze on the woman that she hung down her head. But the child on his knee still smiled up into his face.

"Then you're the wife of the man I had to send to—to gaol for——"

Aaron Rawlins stopped abruptly. The sight of the crushed, starving woman and this still smiling child, the innocent victims of a clerk's petty defalcations under pressure of a gambling loss, sealed the word on his lips.

"Grelling couldn't get work after that, I suppose?" he demanded, with a touch of the old steel in his voice again. All his life he had prided himself on his principle of shutting out sentiment from his business, and he had prosecuted this clerk of his with unpitying zeal. For the moment the thought in his mind was that Grelling had but come to inevitable justice—that the man had reaped but what he had sown.

"No, sir," the woman sobbed. "He had no character, and little by little everything in the house had to go. He wasn't really bad, sir. It was the moment's temptation. He has bitterly paid, and bitterly repented."

"Where is he now?" demanded Aaron Rawlins.

"He's in the hospital, sir. It was the shame and the trouble that did it. He tried to—to take his life, sir. But he's getting better now, they say. Oh, if he had but one more chance, just one!"

Aaron Rawlins looked from the child to the woman, and from the woman to the child. What was this thing he had called justice, after all? A merciless sword which struck down the innocent with the guilty.

"Was he—is he—a good husband, a good father?" Aaron Rawlins went on.

"He was always kind to me and the little one—always, always," answered the woman.

"And you've stood by him through all?"

"I'm his wife, sir," replied the woman simply. "He's only me and the child to bear him up in all the world."

Aaron Rawlins sat for a few moments without speaking, looking into the child's face, and stroking the golden head. Presently he replaced the child on the woman's lap.

"I'll go to the hospital to-morrow," said he at last. "Your husband shall have a character if he will make one. I'll give him another chance. I'll take him back again."

"God bless you, sir!" cried the woman. "I'll answer for him, sir. He'll not fail. I know he won't." A great gladness was in her face.

For an instant the hand of Aaron Rawlins patted her shoulder lightly. Then, as she went out, he put a sovereign into her hand. "It will help you along till I see you again," he said. "I'm going to take a hand in making you happy."

She made no answer in words. One moment she looked up at him in a half-frightened way. The next she seized his hand and kissed it. It was the first touch of human lips which Aaron Rawlins had felt through all his remembered years.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

We have received the following letter, which may be commended to the attention of those who take an intelligent interest in the affairs of the country:—

> I have had a committal order made against me the other day to pay 10s. a month or go to prison for 14 days; I am at the present time earning nothing and do not possess a penny, and do not know what to do; I might perhaps raise 5s. on the cloth that I am wearing, but then must walk about nude and get into a worse position than before, or I might perhaps try my luck and steal something valuable enough to raise the 10s. I never knew before what it is to have a committal order hanging over your head, but here I see how criminals are made, and I am afraid I must, whether I like it or not, become one of them. Is the object of imprisonment of a debtor to make criminals of them, or is it to allow a creditor to have his revenge, or is it to give you free lodgings and board at the expense of somebody else?
>
> What is a free country in which you are not free if you cannot pay 10s. a month? Civilisation seems a long way off yet in this free country!

"What is your Number?" See page 1.

THE CAT AND THE CHEMICALS.

By L. Heumann.

Ralph Cunningham, the millionaire's son, was working in his magnificently equipped chemical laboratory, as usual.

To the best education his father could give him—*i.e.*, the very best that unlimited means could procure—he added a yearning for knowledge and an imagination that displayed to him in seductive array the myriad problems of the universe, tempting investigation and challenging solution. This lively imagination, by the way, was declared by some who had used his father's patent food after reading the advertisements to be an heirloom of untold worth.

The young man, however, besides his brilliant education, wide reading, and almost fantastic dreaming, also possessed a fair share of his father's energy. So he had started on independent research work. The subjects that were worth his investigation were, however, so many that he had calculated it would be necessary, in order to devote to each a fair share of his time, to live a good deal longer than the regulation span. Therefore, he had determined first of all to study physiology and find the secret of immortality. Apparently he wasn't so very original, after all.

He was observing the liquid in the thin glass boiling-flask as it bubbled and steamed over the Bunsen burner, and, absorbed in thought, sat down on the high stool, nearly squashing his favourite cat, whose custom it was to lie and sleep there. She leaped down just in time, however, and gave vent to an indignant mew, arching her back. Her master watched her sniffing about, his thoughts elsewhere and his head throbbing. He had now been in his laboratory nine hours at a stretch, with scarcely any food, so absorbing was the stage his experiments had reached. But one last analysis to be performed—one substance generated separate from the affinited elements with which it was invariably found combined—and the battle was won. He leaned his head on his hands and watched the flask.

The liquid therein had changed colour as its more volatile constituent evaporated. Ralph extinguished the flame, and, with a duster, in order not to burn his fingers, took hold of the flask and poured a little of its contents on to a watch-glass. This he heated again—heated it until not a drop of liquid remained in it, only a grey-powdered residue. He allowed the little glass to cool on the sand-tray held by the retort-stand, and then, almost reverently, placed it under a microscope.

"Well," he muttered, in a worried tone, "now I've got it I don't know whether my theory is right. The only way is to try by experiment, and if I'm wrong in thinking it will make me immortal, I shan't find that out till I die! What a nuisance! Get away from those bottles, puss," to the cat familiarly walking about on the bench.

He took a note-book out of a drawer, and read reflectively. His theory was expansive. His discovery gave immortality not only to man, but to all warm-blooded animals. The elixir gave such stability to the animal tissues that they would resist disease, poison, and wounds to a degree that rendered death by violence almost as impossible as death through decay and senility.

Tabby jumped on his shoulder.

"Good idea," he said. "You shall have nine million lives, pussy, instead of nine, like other cats."

He rang for the servant.

"Bring pussy some milk," he said.

This was by no means an unusual order. The milk was brought in a glass, poured into a saucer, and then, sending the servant away, he weighed out the requisite dose of the recently-prepared powder on the delicate scales, and mixed it with the milk. The cat drank it, and purred.

He watched the unsuspecting feline with strained nerves, though he was usually calm and self-controlled. Then he took a bottle of chloroform, and, with his handkerchief to his nose, unstoppered it and held it to the cat. She sniffed, came nearer, put her nose close up to it, sniffed again, and—sneezed.

"I'm jiggered," he gasped, then made the animal smell again. She inhaled enough to kill a family of elephants, and sneezed again, twice. Nothing else; but she disliked the performance, and refused to repeat it. Ralph replaced the bottle, and set the electric fan going.

"I must really apply another test or two," he thought, "so that I may know what is safe for me, when I have taken the stuff."

He seized the poor cat and placed it under an air-pump. With tears in his eyes—for he was not a vivisectionist—he saw the animal's tortures as the air was exhausted. When it was evidently quite dead, he took the carcase out, laid it near the electric fan, and mechanically applied artificial respiration, as taught in first-aid classes. After a time he ceased, hopeless, and then noticed, with a start, that its eyes, which had protruded from their sockets, had returned thence, but evidently so gradually that he had not remarked it. All of a sudden the limbs and tail stiffened, it opened its eyes, and yawned!

By the time it stood up, arched its back and held up its tail perpendicularly, he had convinced himself that he had not quite killed his pet, and resolved to try another test.

He sent for a packet of rat poison, the label on which warned users to keep it out of the reach of "babies, dogs, cats, and other pets." He induced the docile cat to eat three portions of this, after which, being well-bred, she retired for a few minutes.

With his hair almost standing up, he watched her return, then took a small-calibre revolver and placed the unkillable cat on the bench. He retired a few paces, and, having made sure of the door being closed, took aim at the heart of his pet and fired. Being by no means the first explosion the inmates of the house had heard from the laboratory, no one was alarmed.

Ralph's knowledge of physiology and anatomy were sufficient to enable him to extract the little bullet, and sew up the heart. He washed his hands, keeping his eyes on the body of the cat. It remained as dead as anyone would expect under the circumstances.

Then he took to artificial respiration under pure oxygen. This proving useless, he had recourse to an electric battery, under whose influence the limbs moved, the head turned, and the eyes opened.

"Galvanic action," he muttered, and disconnected the battery.

Having exhausted every other effort, he forced some thirty-year old brandy through a funnel into the cat's throat, and drank a glass of the stimulant himself.

When he put the glass down the cat was standing up and looking at him inquiringly.

His jaw dropped, and he perspired in cold drops. He ascertained that the electric battery was out of the cat's reach, but he was long in convincing himself as to the reality of the marvel wrought by his own discovery, till the cat licked up the rest of the milk out of the narrow glass, and purred. That couldn't be galvanic, after all.

He leaned his head on his hands, and reflected long. The cat, walking about on the bench, knocked down a flask, thinner than an egg-shell, which shattered and startled him from his reverie. He looked up.

The liquid in the boiling-flask had evaporated, every drop, and the dry flask over the fierce Bunsen flame had burst, awaking him.

The cat purred at his feet.

THE SONG OF THE CHINEE MAN.

I'm the Chinaman they brought to work the mines,
The Celestial—the yellow-looking "chow";
I'm a sort of burrowin' mole, in a most amazin' hole,
Where I either work a reef or start a row.
To be candid, they have had enough of me,
They're regrettin' that they brought me out at all;
And the things that I could tell, of the way we "kick up hell,"
It'd fairly make yer bloomin' eyebrows crawl.

You should see us when we muster in battalions,
To complain about the way they cook the rice;
We've got useful little knives—partin' presents from our wives,
And we very rarely have to grumble twice.
Of course, the "Boss" has got a big revolver,
But we know that he's been told he mustn't shoot;
There was one of 'em that did—he got fined a hundred quid;
He was fined a hundred quid and got the boot.

Where you sit at home and get yer daily papers,
And read about our little fights or so,
Things never look *too* black—there are things which they hold back;
There are things they simply dare not let you know.
Why, I've known a wholesale slaughter called a "rumpus,"
"An assault," "A scrap," and other names like these;
But the details'd surprise you—yes, they'd fairly paralyse you—
Why we wouldn't even print 'em in Chinese!

I'm the Chinaman they brought to work the mines,
I'm the biggest fraud you've ever seen on earth;
You have not the least idea of the things that happen here,
For we're really more d—n trouble than we're worth.
But, you see, it pays a few of 'em to have us,
So they keep things mum and crack us up a lot,
And they'll cram it in the Press we're a howling great success,
But you take it straight from me, that we are not.

Leonard Flemming.

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To the Bishop of London.

Most Reverend,—I read your manifesto on the Deceased Wife's Sister Act, and was deeply impressed by the narrow-minded bigotry and old-fashioned fanaticism it displayed. In it you exhort your underlings neither to solemnise, nor even lend their churches for such marriages, with the implied penalty of ecclesiastical censure for disobedience. Has it occurred to you that the churches belong to the "Dear People" whom you address, and that this law having been passed with their consent, they may reasonably expect to have the use of their own without asking your permission? And are you also aware that his Majesty, the Head of your Church, alluded to this Act in his Speech as "removing a grievance of long standing"? Have you considered the danger—to say nothing of the indecency—of thus setting yourself in opposition to your Sovereign and the Law of the Land? Is the position of the Church so secure that you can afford to make more enemies by your tyrannical pronouncements, or do you vainly imagine that your puny mediæval "Bann of Excommunication" will prevent a single one of these unions? There are registry offices, my dear Bishop, and—in case you do not know—there are other brands of religion to which the people *you* drive away may resort. I am glad to note that your Superior, he of Canterbury, possesses more Christian forbearance—and infinitely more commonsense—than yourself. Read the concluding words of *his* letter carefully, and ponder upon what *I* have said. Vale.

JOHN BULL.

To Canon Rhodes Bristow, St. Olave's, London Bridge.

Rev. Sir,—What's the matter with you? How dare you go to sleep on such a handsome salary? There are thousands of Church parsons who work ten times as hard as you and don't draw a quarter as much. I address you because I read that the proprietors of a wharf near St. Olave's have been summoned for non-payment of rector's rates. They stated they had refused payment to draw attention to the fact that you, Canon Rhodes Bristow, Incumbent, were drawing a stipend of £600 a year, as well as £120 a year rental for the Clergy House, though you systematically neglected the parish, "with the result that the Sunday services, once well attended, were now attended by half a dozen people only."

If this is true, my most Christian sir, I beg to intimate that it is not good enough. As a matter of fact, it is so bad that it could not very well be worse. When a man is paid for doing a job, I believe in his doing that job, whether it be saving souls or shovelling coals, as well as he can do it. I object to parsons loafing round a rectory just as I object to people loafing round a throne; and if you don't galvanise yourself into some sort of activity, like a Christian and a gentleman, I declare I will come round to St. Olave's and inquire into you on the spot. If you don't want to earn your pay, hand over the souls of St. Olave's to some other fellow. He may be able to look after them. Oh, Canon, Canon, I'm surprised at you. Don't you remember that passage in the chapter on the "Everlasting Yea," in Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus"? "Be no longer a chaos," says he, "but a world, or even a worldkin. Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it, in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee. Out with it, then. Up, up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called to-day; for the night cometh wherein no man can work."

JOHN BULL.

Mr. Samuel Barton, Steeplejack, Meading Department, The Hospital, Heywood, Lancs.

How are you getting on, Sammy boy? Funny story I heard about you the other day. Said you went up a mill chimney. Added that you hadn't been up long before you tumbled down again. Mentioned that the chimney was 90 ft. high at the time. Reported that you are not dead, but merely suffering from shock. Alleged that you were getting over it, and were expressing the opinion you would be at work again in a few days. This is to ask you whether it is all true. Heard of miracles before. If you answer this, I shall begin to believe that they sometimes happen.

Last story I heard of the kind was about a man who fell 40 ft. from a building scaffold dead weight on the top hat of a gentleman who was passing beneath. He and the gentleman had never met before. He was the first up. "Sorry," said he, "but did I hurt you?" "Of course you did, you fool," came the reply. "That's right," remarked the faller encouragingly; "I would rather smash a thousand hats than that you should tell a lie about it." With one thing you can console yourself. If you cannot die by falling from a 90-ft. chimney, you were not born to come to a sudden end. At one time or another we all get a fall in life of sorts, and it is just as well to know how to fall soft. Accept my hearty congratulations and write soon.

JOHN BULL.

To the British Householder.

Respected Namesake,—Naturally, as your guardian angel, I take some interest in everything concerning you. I therefore hasten to ask you if you have seen the portentous announcement that "Coal will be Dearer," and if you have given the subject more than a passing grumble? I learn that, "from a combination of causes, ranging from the inclement summer to the abolition of the export duty," the price is to be raised, and that we may shortly be paying 30s. or even 35s. a ton. If I felt in the mood for laughing, some of the reasons given would cause hilarity; but we agree, I think, that for hundreds of thousands it is far from a laughing matter. We have, on the evidence of one expert, sent two million tons more coal to the Continent than last year. I am delighted to hear it, and yet my satisfaction at trade buoyancy is rather tempered by the idea that this is evidently a case where charity does not begin at home. Another reason given is the Conciliation Board's grant of an increased wage to miners, "and the certainty that they will want another." The Eight Hours Bill is also accused of helping on the abnormal rise. And now I want to take your thick head—excuse me—and I want to pound and hammer away at it till, perhaps, I may be able to cause you to think and to think hard. Take out your pencil and make a few notes as we go on. Subject to corrections, I think I shall be able to astonish you. Roughly, the miner works nine hours a day. Got that down? Right. On an average he "produces" three tons of coal a day. Providing the price per ton will reach 7s. 6d. at the pit's mouth, he receives for his day's wage about 5s. 6d.—let us say, 6s. Note here that three tons at 7s. 6d. is 22s. 6d., and he gets 6s. for digging it out of the bowels of the earth, or 2s. a ton, the difference between 2s. and 7s. 6d. being 5s. 6d.—excuse me, your thick-headedness, generally speaking, must be my apology for plain speaking. So you see at the pit's mouth 15s. or 16s., or thereabouts, is grabbed each day for landlord, royalties, and so on. Then the gay and festive railway company takes a hand, and after several adventures the coal reaches the various depôts. But between the 7s. 6d. per ton at the pit's mouth and the—say—27s. 6d. paid just now by you, there's a little sum of 20s. or so which mysteriously gets into the pocket of—WHOM? Not the miner; he gets about 2s. Not the landlord or the royalty owner—their little bundles come out of the 7s. 6d. The railway companies, owing to competition, do not get as much as they would like, but, still, they get a part. What I want to ask you, my dear boy, is, Who gets the rest? And what I want you to do is, first, to find out for yourself what is the average output of coal per annum in Great Britain; the wages of the miners, and the average cost as paid by you. You see, I am giving you something to think about—something of greater importance than "Expensive Marriages," and sea-serpents swallowing big gooseberries. And, finally, you thick-headed fool, how much longer are you going to stand it? "30s. to 35s.," indeed! If it were half that, it would be ample to pay miners well for risking their lives and coalowners for risking their capital. Where does it go? Just sit down and think it out.

JOHN BULL.

INCOME TAX.

It may be useful to remind those of our readers who have not fully grasped the extent of the effort of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to relieve Income Tax payers, that those of them who earn incomes of between £700 and £2,000 will not receive the benefit of the rebate of 3d. in the £ unless they apply for and fill up the supplementary green and yellow forms issued for the purpose. If these forms are not filled up and returned before September 30th, the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have the technical right to instruct his subordinates to refuse the rebate of 3d. in the £, and, having regard to who the Chancellor is, and what his views are as to the Income Tax, and how it ought to be collected, we may be sure that he will take advantage of his technical right to the uttermost farthing. On the new forms the rebate falls into the same category as the various abatements of people with incomes ranging from £160 to £700. Probably most Income Tax payers have already sent in their annual assessment forms, in which case the Chancellor will get a good deal of money to which he is not entitled in equity. Be that as it may, those who have still to send in their forms will do well to take note of what we say above

THE BRUMMAGEM BAG.

Gamekeeper Chaplin: "THIS IS THE PICK OF THE BAG, MR. AUSTEN."

IN THE CITY.

EX-GOVERNORS AND MINING COMPANIES.

In our issue of April 27 we directed attention to the circular letter that had then just been issued by Lord Elgin to members of the Colonial Civil Service, in which the Secretary of State pointed out the undesirability of high officials, more especially persons who have been at the head of the Administration of Crown Colonies, accepting seats upon the Boards of new and speculative joint stock companies, and we went on to make the following observations:—

> The need for some such drastic action is exemplified by the issue of the Vogelsfontein Diamond Mine, Limited. This is a company with a capital of £300,000, all of which sooner or later it hopes to transfer to the public. The Chairman of the Board is Mr. Arthur Frederick Cox, C.S.I. He is described upon the prospectus as "late Comptroller and Auditor-General to the Government of India." He is followed by General Sir George Digby Barker, K.C.B., and this warrior is described as "late Governor of the Bermudas, and Commander of the Forces in China and Hong Kong." Then comes a third official, Mr. Knightley Grey Burne, described as "of the Burma Commission (retired)." These three gentlemen are men who have held high and responsible official positions, and yet they associate themselves with a company of the most doubtful character. Following the third of the gentlemen we have named comes Mr. E. Kenyon-Collis, of Xema Expedition fame, and we submit that having regard to the circumstances surrounding that expedition it was the duty of men like the late Comptroller and Auditor-General to the Government of India to examine very closely the genesis and the prospects of the Vogelsfontein Diamond Mine, Limited, before consenting to lend their names to the venture. We will not do them the injustice of supposing that they made any such examination, because if they did, and if they went upon the Board knowing what they might have known upon adequate inquiry, we say without hesitation that they are unfit to occupy high official appointments.

One of the reports upon which the public were asked to subscribe to the shares of this £300,000 company was that of Mr. Churchward, a mining engineer, who was supposed to have examined the property, and the following is one of the references to his report which appeared in the prospectus:

> He states that the result of a trial washing of a little over 400 loads, taken from the yellow ground, resulted in an average yield of 7 carats per 100 loads, that the diamonds recovered were equal in quality to Jagersfontein diamonds, that the blue ground exhibits good texture and heavy wash, and that it improves in quality the deeper it goes. The average value of the diamonds is 60s. to 65s. per carat, but Mr. Churchward anticipates as depth increases in the blue ground that the average yield will rise to from 10 to 15 carats per 100 loads, and that the quality and size of the stones will also increase, as occurred in the case of the adjoining property, the Jagersfontein Mine.
>
> Mr. Churchward's report on the property, dated 19th day of November, 1906, and addressed to the Collis-Griffith Prospecting Syndicate, Limited, concludes by stating that he considers it a "very fine property and a splendid investment, and that he has no hesitation in saying that the mine will prove to be practically identical with its neighbour the Jagersfontein Diamond Mine."

In due course the company went to allotment, the public having subscribed some of the money asked for. That was in April last. Now for what has happened since.

A few days ago the statutory meeting of the company was held, and after the statutory meeting an extraordinary general meeting, at which it was decided to wind up the company. In the interval between the allotment of shares in April and the holding of the meeting in August a good deal occurred. On June 28 Lord Elgin transmitted to the Board of the company a copy of the following telegram received by him from the Governor of the Orange River Colony:—

> Lieutenant-Governor of the Orange River Colony asks me to forward the following communication:—In prospectus of Vogelsfontein Diamond Mine, Limited, recently issued, is incorporated report of W. G. Churchward, F.G.S., London. This statement, to which great prominence is given in the prospectus, is remarkable because no diamonds have been registered by persons prospecting or working said area, as required by Mining Laws, except approximately 3½ carats in 1905 and only 2½ carats in 1907. Government consider that these facts should be brought to the notice of directors of company and the investing public, and they ask if you will advise the Chairman, A. F. Cox, C.S.I., and, if you consider it necessary, notify the same in a financial or other newspaper.—Signed, Selborne.

Upon receipt of this very serious information, it was decided that one of the directors, Mr. A. J. Marks, should go out and inquire into matters. The conclusion at which Mr. Marks arrived, after making his inquiries, was that the property was unproved. Afterwards the directors were satisfied by the evidence submitted to them that the property was of no value. The directors have paid away some £4,000 of the money agreed to be paid to the vendors, but that is all—they have held the major portion of the sum subscribed by the public, and shareholders may therefore expect to get back a portion of the cash parted with.

The directors have in this matter behaved as honourable men. Sir George Barker's statement at the extraordinary general meeting was all that could be desired and expected from a man in his position. The directors found that they had been deceived, and they have done their utmost to protect the shareholders against the consequences of the deceit. This much we say in justice to them. But the history of this company is abundant confirmation of what we said about ex-Civil servants lending their names to speculative mining companies. These gentlemen believed all that was told them, and, believing it, they backed the statements of less scrupulous persons, and this enabled the company to secure a large sum of public money. We cannot imagine a case that more strongly supports the view we have taken in these columns, and which all sensible and right-minded men must endorse, about the unwisdom of ex-Civil servants, men whose duties have been in a very different sphere, associating themselves with these speculative concerns, and we trust that the history of the Vogelsfontein Diamond Mine, Ltd., will stiffen Lord Elgin in his determination to put a stop to Civil servants becoming members of the boards of speculative joint stock companies.

AN IRISH BANK, AND AN INVISIBLE BONUS.

An Irish correspondent sends us the following:—Irish investors in, and employees of, certain Irish companies periodically express surprise that the headquarters of the concerns are situated in London. The National Bank (of Ireland) is a case in point, and if what I am told, on the very best authority, be even approaching true, it strikes me that the directors are wise in having their headquarters where a gathering of Irish shareholders is unlikely to take place. The chairman of the bank is a Mr. Slattery, and he is Irish, as his name indicates. But why import from Spain, or some other foreign country, as a director, Count Torro Diaz? Irishmen are famed as ambassadors and consuls, military and naval officers, and the rest of it, and surely the board might have picked up a smart Hibernian to occupy the place on the board now held by this don That is only one question, though.

The chairman each year congratulates the shareholders, and eulogises the loyalty and splendid work of the staff of the bank, and about four years ago, in an outburst of generosity, caused by the determination of the bank to present him with a service of plate for his services, he got the board to consent to give the staff a bonus. The staff rubbed their hands and were glad, for they are not too well paid, and most of them could well do with that bonus. But they are still asking, "When will it come?" The little present was promised with a great flourish of trumpets, which served its purpose in making the public believe that the National Bank men are excellent servants and well catered for by the board. It is well, of course, to create a good impression among shareholders of such a concern, as well as the general public; but there are indications that the staff of the bank look at the matter through other glasses than those worn by Mr. Slattery, and his importation from sunny Spain, or wherever he was raised. In addition to explaining about the promised bonus, Mr. Slattery might tell why he has forgotten to dole out the full increases in salary to which his clerks are entitled. Some time ago, when the hands grumbled somewhat at their financial treatment, it was indicated to them that if they did not care to work for the salaries they got, hundreds of outsiders—possibly from Spain—could be enlisted to do the work for a pound a week or so per head! The comfortable Mr. Slattery may apply to the working of the bank the methods he learned when he served behind a bacon counter in his youth; but, in the name of goodness, let him play the game. When he promises a bonus his men should get it, and it is hardly square to praise his staff year after year for their loyalty and devotion to the interests of the bank, when he must know that the branches of the concern fairly reek with discontent.

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PREMIUM BONDS.

We have from time to time warned our readers against being persuaded by people like the International Securities Syndicate, and others of their kind, to purchase, at their rates, Foreign Municipal Bonds. It has occurred to us that it would be useful if we were to name a few of these Bonds, and the price at which they are to be bought, and ask those of our readers who have bought, or think of buying, from the touting people who ask them to buy, to contrast these prices with those they have been asked to pay. Here are a few representative Bonds, and their price as we write (August 30) :—

Name of Bond.		Price.
City of Antwerp	1903	£4 1 0
City of Brussels	1902	4 8 0
" "	1905	3 18 6
City of Scaerbeek	1897	3 7 6
Belgian Light Railways	1885	4 11 0
City of Paris	1865	21 8 6
Do.	1894-6	3 18 6
Do.	1899	16 14 0
Do.	1905	17 10 0
Do.	1906	15 15 0
Credit Foncier of Paris	1885	19 0 0
Do.	1903	19 18 0
Do.	Communal	18 0 0
Do.	1891	16 3 0
Do.	1899	18 12 6
Do.	1906	20 7 0
Credit Foncier Egyptian	1886	12 10 0
Do.	1903	10 12 6

Many of the Bonds puffed by the touters are more or less unmarketable. Among them are the following :—

Name of Bond.			Price.
Frieburg	1878	Noml.	£0 13 0
Italian Red Cross		"	1 10 0
City of Milan	1861	"	2 10 0
Do	1866	"	0 11 6
Venice	1869	"	1 7 6
Netherlands White Cross	1888	"	0 12 6
Servian	1888	Tobacco Loan Noml.	0 16 0
" Red Cross		"	
Hungarian Foncier	1906	"	10 0 0

Next week we shall compare these prices with those asked by the concerns we name, and we shall refer further to their statements.

MORE TRUNK MYSTERIES.

It is an old Stock Exchange adage that it is the unexpected that always happens in Grand Trunk finance. Recently the market in the company's stocks was completely demoralised by the directors' announcement that they had suddenly decided to establish a pension fund for their employees, utilising the whole of the net revenue gain for the first half of the year for the purpose, an amount which the market had cheerfully anticipated would be available for dividends, advancing quotations accordingly. We by no means quarrel with the directorial policy—the establishment of the fund should greatly improve the company's relations with its employees—but we do question greatly the time chosen for the announcement. A decision of this kind might certainly have been outlined at the shareholders' meeting six months previously, or should have been postponed until the end of the financial year.

Hardly had the market overcome this shock, when the July revenue statement appeared. The weekly traffics for the month had shown an increase of £81,000 in gross earnings, and it was reasonably expected that £13,000 would be retained in net. The actual result was that the net gain was a mere £300, the Board having evidently charged the month's account with exceptional expenditure. These two surprises, in view of their concomitance with certain market manipulation, arouse suspicion as to how far the vagaries of Trunk finance are occasioned by market exigencies rather than conservative finance. With such men as Lord Welby and a representative of the Rothschilds on the Board this should not be.

The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Limited, has declared an interim dividend for the half-year ended June 30th last at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

British Coalite Company, Ltd.—H. H. (Burslem).—The registered offices of the company are 3, London Wall Buildings, E.C.

Investment of £100.—P. C. (Forest Gate).—We see no advantage in investing the sum in Consols, which would only give you about 3 per cent. You can get double that percentage with excellent security.

Joint Stock.—Olbia (Upper Parkstone).—We do not understand what stock you refer to. If you make your meaning clearer we shall be happy to answer your question.

Anglo-Saxon Motor and Cycle Company.—J. M. (Brixton).—We have your letter, which is noted.

G. Doland.—Misfit (Catford).—You will have to prove the misfit if you are to get back your money, but you are more likely to lose money than gain it by going into Court. After all, one does not expect to get much of a fit for 22 10s.

The British United Assurance Company.—F. M. C. (Hon.).—We think not. In our opinion the best office for sickness business is the Century Insurance Company. We will look into the other matter to which you refer, and thank you for your kind wishes.

West Rand Proprietary, Ltd.—A. H. (Dartford).—We have nothing to say about it that is very encouraging.

Co-Operative Permanent Building Society.—H. G. G. (Lavender Hill).—We know of no good reason why you should not increase your interest in the society.

Boulder Perseverance.—V. S. (Manchester).—We cannot advise you to increase your holding.

Newcastle (Natal) Steam Coal Collieries Company.—Joffer (Portobello).—We do not think the result would be worth the visit, but there will be no harm in hearing what they have to say

Prior Fibres, Ltd.—E. T. (Southport).—There are no dealings.

Liability of Partnership.—W. H. H. (Liverpool).—The formalities required by the law must be gone through before liability ceases.

Endowment Policy.—Puzzled (Liskeard).—The best results are got from the Legal and General. The next best from the Mutual of Australasia, then comes the Law Union and the Marine and General. All are offices of the highest standing.

Britannic Assurance Company.—C. F. W. (Anerley).—Yes, the position of the company is "sound," and we see no reason why you should not increase the amount of your assurance.

Ulundi Gold Mines.—Timothy (Newbury).—We do not advise you to buy.

Weekly Illustrated Coupon.—J. A. M. (Bradford).—We have your letter, and regret we cannot be of any service to you in the matter.

Sheffield District Holloway Friendly Society.—R. C. W. (Sheffield).—We see no objection to your joining it. The papers are returned under cover.

Imprisonment for Debt.—W. H. S. (Dublin).—We have read your very interesting and convincing letter with much interest, but regret that just now we cannot give more space to the discussion of the question.

Transvaal Mines.—J. J. K. (Kimberley).—We agree with much that you say. Glad to hear from you at all times.

High Interest.—Enquirer (Blackburn).—The explanation is that the York Penny Bank, and Blackburn Savings Bank, do an entirely different business. If you get from 30 to 60 per cent. for the loan of your money, you can afford to pay 10 per cent. to the people who leave their money with you.

Gas Light and Coke Company.—O. B. (Highbury New Park).—We have yet to learn that because a woman is married debts need not be paid. The Gas Company was evidently annoyed at the refusal of your wife to pay the money due by her to them, and determined to make sure that there should be no similar trouble with you. We cannot help you in the matter.

West Ham Gas Company.—Ixion (Stratford New Town).—(1) The price is about 103¼. (2) Preferred ordinary stocks would give you something over the interest you want, taking them at their present prices and latest yield. For example, Caledonian 3 per cent. would give you £4 10s., North British 3 per cent. £4 10s., Great Northern 4 per cent. £4 10s., London and South-Western 4 per cent. £4 2s.

British Natural Premium Life Association.—J. F. (Wearhead).—We are obliged to you for your letter, and take note of its contents. You are right about the manager. The litigation referred to is between Mr. Hayward and the Corporation.

Taking Up a Policy.—D. B. (Norbury).—(1) We cannot answer your question unless you let us know what sort of a policy it is you want. The company in question would not be the best one for an ordinary life policy. (2) We have forwarded your postal orders to the Secretary of the Fresh Air Fund.

Safe Deposit.—Cyril (Ilford).—Without expressing any opinion upon the stability of the institution you name, we see no advantage in going to it when others of established position offer all that it is safe to offer.—W. W. B. (Diss).—We should leave well alone, that is, keep the money in the Savings Bank. Enquirer (Blackburn).—We should prefer the Blackburn Savings Bank. The interest is much less, but you would know that your money is safe.

Provident Association of London.—H. M., of 82, Victoria Road, Stroud Green, has a provident bond on which £13 has been paid in the ballot section, and for which he would accept £4 cash. Constant Reader (Plymouth).—The statements made by Mr. C. T. Clatworthy, of 35, Clifton Place, Plymouth, in the leaflet, copy of which you send us, are of a very grave character, and we shall be much surprised to learn that there is any justification whatever for them. We think it is right to direct the attention of the Association to Mr. Clatworthy's leaflet, and we shall no doubt hear from them that they have taken action against him for libel, or, if they have not, that they have a sufficient reason, and one entirely consistent with honourable dealing, for not doing so. T. G. (Cambridge).—We have no use for the official statement of ballot to which you refer, and, if we have it, it shall be returned to you. G. E. S., of 40, St. Mary Street, Ladywood, Birmingham, has a bond for £150 upon which he has paid £32 8s., and for which he would be glad of an offer. W. E. (Birmingham).—If you cannot keep up your payments, the only thing is to sell if you can get a buyer.

Outside Brokers.—Nearly Bit (Kennington).—Do not be "quite" bitten, as you will be if you pay attention to rubbish of the kind found in the document you send us.

Chartered Shares.—Barum (Plymouth).—(1) We have often expressed the opinion that these shares would be very dear at par, consequently we cannot recommend you to buy them at their present quotation, nor do we see any likelihood of any considerable rise in the quotation. (2) If you want to buy stocks or shares you should deal with a member of the Stock Exchange.

International Securities Syndicate.—F. D. (Forest Gate).—(1) You will not deal with the people you name unless you want to pay 30 per cent. above the market price. (2) We have repeatedly advised our readers not to buy Premium Bonds. Admirer (Paddington).—See answer to F. D.

Salvation Army Assurance Society.—H. T. (Birmingham).—We cannot recommend you to join this society. If you want to insure, you should do so with an ordinary insurance company.

Sundry Investments.—G. P. G. (Huddersfield).—(1) The debentures referred to are all right, but there is no particular advantage in buying them. (2) We know nothing about the firm you name.

Safe Investment.—Wolmot (Glasgow).—(1) We never advise deposits with people who offer the high interest you name. (2) No, you must deal through stockbrokers.

London Valley.—G. D. H. (Herne Hill).—It is very difficult to advise in this matter. Those who have the best sources of information are very sanguine as to what will be done under the reconstruction, but they have been over sanguine in the past, and may be again. Anyway, if you join the reconstruction, you should do so on the understanding that you are in for a gamble.

State Lotteries.—L. S. D. (Laugharne).—Messrs. Keizer and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C., would, we have no doubt, give you the information you require, and you may rely upon its accuracy.

An opportunity to earn from £5 per week upwards. Learn to write advertisements. Prospectus and list of employed students post-free.—Page Davis Advertising School (Dept. 48), 136, Oxford Street, London, W.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Modern Mermaids.

Now that the Clerk of the Weather has condescended to pay some attention to the open letters addressed to him by John Bull, and we have been accordingly enjoying a little summer, the charms of swimming come again to the fore. Enthusiasts, of course, swim all the year round. The Bath Club recently held its annual Ladies' Championship competition, the last year's holder, Mrs. Edgar Syers, being again the winner. The exciting race was, as usual, witnessed by Royalty, for this club is a most lordly and aristocratic concern. The entrance fee is ten guineas, the subscription correspondingly high, and the membership—oh, very select! The ladies sport costumes of dark blue stockingette, devoid of the least pretence of a skirt, and fitting to the figure with glove-like exactness. These gowns are made of material of a special and very expensive quality, but excellent specimens can be obtained for 5s., or even less, from all athletic outfitters. This sensible "get-up" is known as the Amateur Swimmers' Association costume, and is the most delightful imaginable for bath use. It is also suitable for seaside bathing if the wearer be a good swimmer, and enters deep water at once—say from a boat, or the pier-head. For wading out from a machine or gambolling gaily in the shallow surf, it is perhaps a trifle—well, scanty. Let me give one word of advice. If you are going to really swim, cut away the short sleeves with which the gowns are provided. If you don't do this at once, you will set about it in chastened haste after the friction of the sleeves has once induced painful raw wounds, as they rubbed against your unfortunate arms. Therefore, take warning.

And, girls, do go and swim; if you can't, learn to as quickly as you can. It is within the power of anyone; it gives bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and washes away all sorts of little mental worries. London damsels can enjoy open-air swimming in the lakes of various public parks, also the Highgate Ponds on Hampstead Heath, an up-to-date privilege which ought to be properly appreciated.

Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister.

Now it is possible that the damsel who finds that she has lost her heart to her widowed brother-in-law need no longer feel herself in the embarrassing situation of one of those naughty heroines of old Greek drama, while the widower in a similar state of mind, instead of "Letting concealment prey upon 'his' damask cheek," can, with the sanction of law and church, lead his deceased wife's sister to the altar. Those timid souls who fear that women, when enfranchised, will all vote one way, should be emboldened to find that even on a matter so intimately concerned with woman's sphere—the home—feminine opinion is far from unanimous. Some women foresee wholesale poisonings of wives by designing husbands and sisters; other objectors, with less lurid imaginations, maintain that as things have been, the very knowledge of its hopelessness was almost invariably sufficient to prevent any feeling stronger than the fraternal from arising between two people thus circumstanced.

The Sister and the Grandmother.

This idea appears to amuse the supporters of the new Bill, who declare that the notion of any legal chaining of the feelings being effective is visionary, and indeed, it seems about as easy to dictate to one's heart as to waggle one's ears. Moreover, surely average sisters have a decided affection for one another, and it is easy to believe that any mother dying and leaving behind her a young family, would infinitely prefer that her little ones should pass into the care of her own sister than into the hands of some strange woman. This arrangement also does away with the danger of any outside interference interposing itself 'twixt the children and their grandmother's affectionate care.

The Husband's Brother.

But it is not proposed to legalise marriage with a deceased husband's brother, and this difference is based upon the contention that a woman loses her own individuality on her marriage, and becomes one with her husband. As it is briefly put, "husband and wife are one person, and that one is the husband." Thus a man's brothers are verily his wife's brothers, but as neither law nor church has had the happy notion of declaring that a man becomes one with his wife, her relations are not his! Fancy such ideas influencing legislation in the twentieth century!

Sorry Objections.

If I may be permitted to say so, the opponents of the measure did not shine to conspicuous advantage in either House. In the Commons stress was laid on the fact that the Bill was opposed to Canon Law. The bishops and the Lords showed to even less advantage. The promoters of the bill, as they have always contended, forwarded this measure because they wished justice done to the offspring of unions between men and their deceased wife's sister. The bishops, by their opposition, showed their indifference to the interests of such children; but then, strange as it may appear, the bishops of the Church of England have always been opposed to the welfare of the little ones. It is generally forgotten that when England thrilled with horror at learning that children of tender years were employed for long hours in factories, and beaten when they fell asleep at their work, these Church dignitaries voted against the bill that was to remedy this crying evil.

The Retort Obvious.

The Archbishop of Canterbury said that the passage of the Bill would mean that a stone would be removed from the noble edifice which the Church had laboriously reared, and that the whole structure would be in danger. My reply is that if this building is made of such rotten material, the sooner it collapses the better.

The Fox Without a Tail.

A contemporary has been filling its columns with suggestions of how to live to a hundred, as if such a consummation were desirable. I was amused by one correspondent, who declared that a man was not fit for much till he was seventy, inasmuch as he would then have all his passions well under control. I should hope so.

Are You Beautiful?

Various countries are disputing America's claim to have produced the most beautiful woman in the world, but the fairest woman nowadays, whatever her charms, may be very sure that at one period or another of this old world's history public opinion would have decreed her to be lacking in some of the very fundamental elements of female beauty. This is absolutely inevitable, so varied and opposed have been the prevailing ideas on this one subject. Has the would-be Queen of Beauty the low forehead that the ancient Greeks loved? Then she suffers from an actual deformity in the eyes of the Mediæval critics, whose women-folk not only dragged their locks backwards from the brow to emphasise its loftiness, but sometimes actually shaved away a portion of the hair to increase the expanse. Has she the full bust of the Turkish beauty? Then she would be truly horrible in the eyes of the Elizabethan dame, whose ideal figure was as flat as a board. Has she white and regular teeth? If she wished to be admired on some of the South Sea islands, she must stain those teeth black, or sharpen them into points. For utter contrasts in the notions of what constitute feminine beauty and attractiveness, it would be hard to beat the Spartan ideal as portrayed by Aristophanes, writing in the fourth century B.C., and that of Dr. Gregory, whose advice to his daughters was published at the beginning of the last century. In a play of the Greek author occurs a scene in which women representatives of various States are assembling, and when the delegate from Sparta enters she is greeted by the admiring cry—"How beautiful you look, Lampito. How fresh your complexion, how vigorous your body! You could throttle an ox!" The lady accepts this strange compliment with complacency. Dr. Gregory, on the other hand, advises women who seek to please to simulate a fragility, and make a great show of delicacy. "Although good health is the greatest blessing in life, never make a boast of it. When a woman talks of her good appetite, her ability to endure great fatigue, and her strength, we recoil from her in a way she is little aware of." Surely one of the truest proverbs ever devised is that "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder."

CHARITY.

The broken meat we cannot eat
We thrust in a vagrant's hand,
And "that" and "this" we never miss
We give with a gesture grand;
We drop an alm in a beggar's palm,
The merest mite of a dole—
Then struggle to hide a sense of pride
From the searching gaze of the soul.

We noise afar of our Grand Bazaar
To be opened by Lady X;
Then knit and sew till our needles glow
And our thimbles are holey wrecks.
With music and song we charm the throng
And ease them of their gold—
Then offer praise for the sums we raise
And the buyers who have been sold.

W. M.

IMPERIAL ENTERPRISE.

By P. O'T.

I am not concerned to attack or defend the Government, but I would point out to critics that all governments should be judged even more attentively on their administrative than on their legislative record. The legislative record of the past session is less than was hoped for, and I leave it to partisans to apportion the blame either to the Lords, or the Constitution, or obstruction, or ministerial incapacity. There it is, and I heed not the cause.

But the administrative record is not so bad. Naval and military Jeremiahs are comparatively silent. No gross blunders have been signalised in foreign affairs. And the Colonial Office, perhaps more than any other department, has bestirred itself for the benefit of the Empire. In illustration of its methods, let us note the recent decision to develop Nigeria by means of a railway. This will mean the establishment of vast cotton-fields within the Empire.

I was just reflecting how superior such methods of Imperial trading are to the nostrums of Birmingham, when I read a leading article in the *Morning Post*. To my amazement I found this policy criticised on the following lines: "By what stretching of terms can this transaction be described as non-protective? . . . Why should the West Indies be refused the slight support given by the Sugar Convention because that Convention savours ever so little of Protection? Sugar and cotton are not quite on all fours, we are prepared to admit. It may be to the interest of a section of the community that the West Indies should be sacrificed in favour of abnormally cheap sugar. . . . In any case it may be asked why Protection or Preference is possible to a Free Trade Government when one tropical dependency is concerned, and is yet denied to another tropical dependency and to the great white communities of our race overseas."

Was there ever a more amazing exhibition of Protectionist logic? I would define Protection as the imposition of import duties in order to bolster up unprofitable home industries at the cost of the British consumer. I would define Preference in the same way, substituting only "colonial" for "home" industries. And I would qualify these definitions by adding that the rejection of a bounty is equivalent to the imposition of an import duty.

To reject sugar bounties, therefore, is a Protectionist policy. But how can such a charge be brought against the development of a dependency by means of a railway? No import duties on cotton are contemplated, nor will cotton goods cost the consumer more. Indeed, with an increased supply, they will probably cost him less. True, the expense of the railway will be at the charge of the British taxpayer. But that places the experiment in the category of imperial enterprise, not of Protectionist policy.

IRISH NOTES.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

It is good to know that King Edward has over and over again, since his return from the green isle, expressed the pleasure that his trip there gave him. The people ask him to come back to Erin, and it goes without saying that his Majesty will always get a right royal reception from the Irish, who dearly love a sportsman and a "good sort." His visits have only one drawback—the loyal address nuisance. The King would rather take the whole of that kind of thing for granted. The loyal address and the address of welcome that he likes is the storm of cheers that always fills the air when he is passing among his people.

The fact is, the King has seen through the address business. Hitherto they resulted in a crop of knighthoods, also a crop of dissatisfaction and discontent among whole mobs of nobodies who considered themselves as much entitled to the knighthoods as those who got them. He saw through the chicanery practised by those who wished to become chairmen of little parochial bodies in order to net the titles, and he, tactful and wise man that he is, determined to reward the addresses with a hearty "thank you" this year. Several expectant men dreamt of the designs of their armorial bearings for six months before the King visited Ireland, and for six weeks afterwards—until it was made known that no honours would be showered. In one small district alone in Ireland—in one street, in fact—you might have bought your fish from one knight, your box of pills or shaving soap from another, and your cigarettes from a third, who ran a mere huxtery of a tobacco shop. Real knights felt that the game had gone too far, and the King is of the same opinion now. He has done a double turn—he has "choked off" honours-hunters, and has at the same time killed the address-of-welcome nuisance that was the only drawback to the pleasures of his Irish visits.

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The sending of the book places you under no obligation whatever. You will feel better for reading it. It tells the story of hundreds of poor sufferers who have been restored to perfect health by the electric method. It tells that story in a plain, straightforward way, and it will go direct to the hearts of many ailing persons who have been doctoring and dosing themselves with medicine in a vain endeavour to get back their strength. The gladsome tidings that these messages convey cannot be too widely distributed.

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The pain in your back, the weakness of your stomach, your loss of appetite, the headaches, nervousness, dizziness, the dulness of mind, lack of energy and ambition, weariness, are all symptoms of loss of nervous power, and all the scientific men tell us that nervous power is electricity, the force that is contained in the nerve cells. It is this power that runs the great force pump of the system—the heart—also the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels, and every organ of the body.

A postcard or a letter sent to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring the book to you at once. Do not delay, as it may be of vital importance to you. If near enough to call, a free test of the wonderful curative powers of electricity will be given you.—(ADVT.)

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SEE PAGE 1.

SHOULD TITLES BE TAXED?

By Rupert V. Aymsdel.

III.—PRINCIPLES THAT SHOULD OPERATE.

Some of the titles that, I hold, should be exempt from taxation I have already enumerated. There are others. To begin with, I do not suggest that the Sovereign and the Royal Family should be included amongst those to be taxed in respect of their titles. Then, I hold, persons should be exempt whose title—so to speak—arises out of their profession or other means of livelihood. For instance, you cannot practise allopathy or homœopathy without being called "Doctor." Similarly, you cannot command a vessel and avoid the title of "Captain." Likewise, you cannot direct an army in the field without "incurring" the title of "General." And so on.

Titles like these, therefore, I contend, should, in our title-taxing scheme-of-things, not be included—although I admit that there is a good deal to be said in favour of taxing the higher, rarer, titles in the two services, those higher titles carrying with them so very much more dignity—*and* pay—than the lower. While, therefore, the public should cheerfully absolve from taxation, say, an army man whose title is only "Private," they should reserve to themselves the right to tax, for example, Admirals of the Fleet and Field-Marshals, Admirals and Generals, and so on.

The same remarks apply to titles in the Church. The proverbially poor curate's "Rev." may go untaxed. But altogether in another category from plain "Rev." is, say, "The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of ———." Besides, we purpose, of course, including among the taxable the titles of the temporal lords; and why should the "lords spiritual" (I am glad that some of them do not claim to be "spiritual lords") "get off"? No; the case of the Bishops—and the Archbishops—must be the "exception that proves the rule."

Needless to say, few persons would include, as titles to be taxed, those employed in the Salvation and Church Armies. As well insist that the harmless, meaningless "Sir" and "Mum" bestowed on employers should yield a revenue!

The question now arises, what rules should govern us in levying the tax? Should all titles taxed be taxed equally—that is, shall a person be taxed a certain sum because he holds a title, or because he holds a title of a given character?

I think the fairer plan would be to tax, not the title-holder, but the title. I mean that for each title there should be a separate tax. I hold this because, while a title, *per se*, may be a title, yet some titles are generally held to possess—or to confer on the holders—more dignity than others.

That point, then, being settled, the next demanding attention is: How shall the tax be graduated? That is to say, how much per annum ought to be paid by the holders of each kind of title?

Now, in regard to this matter I have a proposal to make—a principle to lay down. I suggest that we settle the question as to what title-holders should be taxed most, what next most, and so on, by a rule that the holders themselves could not consistently object to. My proposal is that we take title-holders *at their own valuation*.

What this is we can easily ascertain. Title-holders have, in this connection, "delivered themselves into our hands." They have invented a—so to speak—"Table of Precedence." They have laid it down that, on all "State occasions," and others of the kind, certain title-holders shall be given precedence over other title-holders. That is to say, they regard the holders of one kind of title as being superior to the bearers of another kind of title, the owners of this second kind of title as being superior to the possessors of a third kind of title, and so on down a lengthy list.

My plan, therefore, is that the holders of the first title be taxed heaviest, the bearers of the second title the next heaviest, and so forth. I feel confident that the public will admit that this method would be fair. Nay; I challenge even the holders of the respective kinds of titles to assert that the plan would be otherwise.

In what order, then, are the holders of titles ranked? First, of course, come the Sovereign and his Consort, then the Prince of Wales, and other Princes of the Blood. Omitting these, we come to the title-holder heaviest to be taxed—the personage, namely, who considers himself, in the social scale, next to royalty. This august being, I would have you know, is none other than—"*The Most Reverend His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury*"!

Very well. "He himself has said it." And "his blood be on his own head." I suggest that "The Most ———," etc., ought to consider himself very much insulted if his title—or, rather, titles—were considered, as taxable "commodities," worth a farthing less than £1,000 a year ("all at"). This would leave the head of the Anglican followers of the Man who had "not where to lay his head" £14,000 a year to expend, not to mention that it would leave untouched—untaxed—the two palaces that a grateful community allows him to live in.

Not being a Royal Commission, I do not purpose going steadily down the list and indicating every title-holder that could be taxed and the exact total that the taxation might be made to realise. I merely desire to give the public some idea as to the stores of wealth that Mr. Bottomley's proposition, if carried out, would easily add to the national funds.

I had intended to submit that titles borne by women should be taxed. So long, however, as women are denied the franchise, I cannot be a party to even titled women having taxed even their titles. Directly, though, we make women, in the matter of the vote, the equal of men, we must also make them so in regard to the taxation of titles.

One thing to be noted is that some male holders of a given kind of title place themselves higher in the social scale than other holders of the same kind of title. For instance, dukes, marquesses, earls, viscounts, etc., rank according to their patent of creation—namely (1) of England; (2) of Scotland; (3) of Great Britain; (4) of Ireland.

Strictly speaking, these noblemen should have the taxation of their titles as strictly graduated as the strictness with which they place themselves one above the other. I am, however, for the sake of brevity, not indicating the additional source of national income that could be derived by—thus to express it—taking these noblemen "at their word" and taxing their titles as they ought to be taxed and must be.

Another thing to note is that this title taxation movement is in no sense an attack on the House of Lords. As I hope the originator of the movement will continually remind the public, there are other holders of titles besides those bearers of them that sit in the House of Peers, and that this movement is a genuine, open, above-board one: that it is not a House of Lords Taxation Movement in disguise, but that it is what it purports to be—a movement to impartially tax male title-holders whether they be hereditary legislators or not. This fact removes the movement at once from the domain of party politics. It is a cause in which men of all parties can—and should—unite. It is a movement to tax the privileged who can well afford the tax, in favour of the unprivileged who badly need the relief from other taxation that this tax would bring in.

To prove that the movement is not a covert attack on the Upper House, I may point out that the number of taxable titles held by members of that House only amount to the following:—

	Hereditary.	*Life or a Term.*	*Total.*
Princes of the Blood Royal ..	3	—	3
Archbishops	—	2	2
Dukes	22	—	22
Marquesses	23	—	23
Earls	123	—	123
Viscounts	35	—	35
Bishops	—	24	24
Barons	325	5	330
Scottish Representative Peers ..	—	16	16
Irish Do.	—	28	28
	531	75	606

Thus, if it were proposed to tax only House of Lords users of titles, there would only be 606 persons capable of yielding revenue—or, deducting the Princes, 603. As, however, will be seen presently, the number of title-users it is contemplated shall be made to contribute towards the lowering of taxation in other directions is far and away larger than a mere 603. The movement then, I say, is justified in calling on, to support it, men of all shades of political opinion.

Next for some estimate as to the amount that the taxation of titles would bring in, and for one or two suggestions as to what could be done with it.

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That Socialists are social.
That Scotland Yard is asleep.
That Morocco may look for "French leave."
That the Lords did not "foot" the Scotch Land Bill.
That Bernard Shaw's wit will no longer be "laboured."
That the King thinks big diamonds a Boer.
That Hall Caine is jealous of Monte Carlo.
That if the Commons had "sat" long enough, something would have been hatched.

A Colorado widow, seventy-four years old, is suing a local publican for breach of promise. It is a question of dam-age.

A cheque for £1 written on an oyster shell has been cashed by a New Jersey bank. It was doubtless sent to a client by a lawyer.

"There are as many honest Jews as honest Christians," says Lucas Cleeve. Rough on the Chosen Race.

"French cruisers shell the coast," says a Morocco report. Were any nuts cracked?

A Californian pastor has resigned in order to qualify for the Bar. He prefers to practise rather than preach.

HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES:—
Ceylon tea may be known by the *seal on* it.
There are about fifty ways of disguising cold mutton; learn them all.
Remember that a dishonest tradesman can "do" you in many weighs.
The best way to keep a cook is to let her go—on as she pleases.
Don't crow over your husband; it is not nice to use fowl language.
When in doubt make a meat pie.
In cooking, never allow yourself to think you are Beeton.
A sweet smile and a pretty dress will often save a poor dinner.
Don't give your husband too much sauce.
If he offends you, make him repent in dust and hashes.
At the butcher's remember that, "What's bone in the scale, will be meat in the bill."
A good husband will overlook mis-steaks if there are chops and changes.
Don't keep a cat; your servant will find it hard enough to tell the truth in any case.

Discussion as to the bringing up of the modern child is sheer waste; the modern child wants "taking down."

"Burglar at 9," reads a heading. Cracking a "crib," we presume.

Hendon is entirely without telephones. The name should be changed to "Heaven"—there is no "Hell-o."

A San Francisco boy of nine has died from excessive smoking. He was fagged out.

Instead of preaching, a Cornish rector substituted an organ recital. A sermon from notes.

"Constables at Sea," says the *Express*. Nothing new.

"An Englishman has no digestion," according to Max Pemberton. No wonder he can stomach so much.

For the last year, the Carlisle Corporation electric supply undertaking showed a net profit of only £9. A shocking current account.

A man charged with obtaining money by false pretences said that he was collecting for the "Cripples' Fund." A lame excuse.

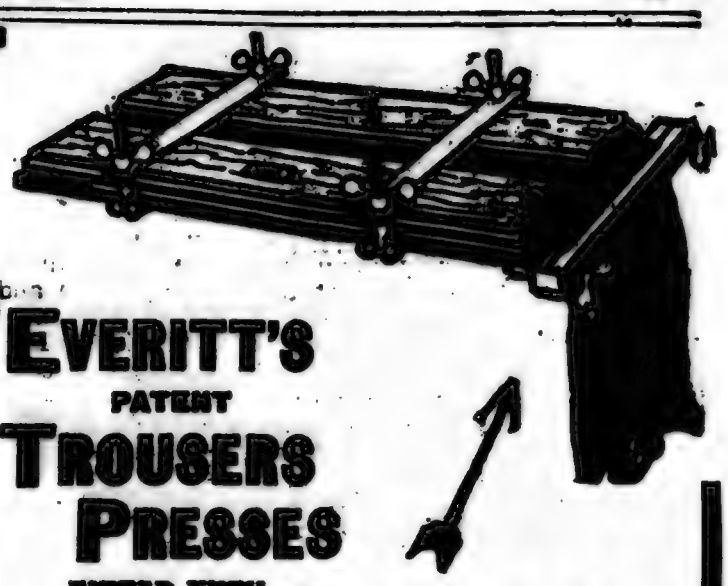
At Nottingham next month eleven ladies will play eleven Crimean and Mutiny veterans at cricket. Both teams will have smelt powder.

"A man's labour will not make him rich," says *London Opinion*. But it will make another man rich.

The house of Mr. Harry Marks, M.P., has been burgled. The thief silently stole away.

A Harringay man has been fined for walking along the footboard of a train and peeping into the compartments. Said he was drunk; no doubt he was "speechless"—some of the sights must have taken his breath away.

A pane of stained glass has been stolen from a Staffordshire church, but the Communion wine was left. The burglars already had one pane under their waistcoats.



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The identity of the gentleman who was recently caught promenading with his clothes off at Yarmouth is not yet established. As a clue to inquiring relatives, it may be mentioned that he had also a tile off.

The other day a stockbroker was discovered serving as barman at a City hostelry. Evidently he has discovered that the only stock in which there isn't a slump is beer.

One of the Coventry papers alleges that the Godiva pageant passed off without a hitch. It was noticed, however, that La Milo came up to scratch.

By the way, it is said that not half as much commotion was made over a certain previous Godiva, "though she had more off." But the Coventry of to-day is changed. It is shocked at the bare thought.

Prisoner to policeman (at Acton): "Did you see me using obscene language?" Policeman: "Yes, I did." We wouldn't believe that policeman on his oath.

A fisherman hooked a salmon, and immediately a large otter seized the fish. We have heard some hot fishing stories, but this is otter.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE:—

If a fellow-boarder has a bilious attack, your conversation should dwell on fat pork and other greasy topics. If you have ever been seasick, a vivid description should be given.

When visiting your *fiancée* take no notice of any indirect information offered you as to time-tables or the state of the clock. When alone it is the correct thing to study her father's pocket by not wasting the gas.

When courting, if you go by train, choose the most crowded compartment. This will prevent the feeling of loneliness when passing through the tunnels.

If you are contemplating an interview with your future father-in-law, it is wise to ascertain the size of his boots. If he is subject to gout an attack should coincide with your visit. It is also desirable beforehand to get friendly with the bull-dog.

If you are on a visit, and in breaking the breakfast egg you hit the poor little chicken in the eye, you should make no apology, but suddenly remember your doctor's injunction that the eating of an egg might mean your sudden death.

We are told that readers can no longer be carried away by the "big gooseberry"; but bathers can easily be carried away by the current.

A baby has just been born on the summit of Snowdon. But they will be compelled to take it down to bring it up.

We read that most holiday-makers hate their landladies. But many admire the sea-ladies.

According to the *Mirror*, troops at Casa Blanca slept with their arms. How did they quiet the funny-bone?

A married couple in America have decided to live up a tree. Thousands of English couples have been there for years.

Army pigeons have been abolished. Many, doubtless, will still be plucked.

Owing to "motor-car poison," a paper advises its readers, when in the street, to hold their breath. But frequently the car takes the breath away.

An article on Memory informs us "How we remember, and why we forget." In other words, what we have lent and what we have borrowed.

EXTRACTS FROM *The Evening Staggerer*, 1909.—LIMERICK LIMELIGHTS:—

Magazine editors are complaining that the supply of stories has entirely stopped. Ordinary authors will not now patiently prepare a story for 10s. per 1,000 words while railway porters are winning £100 cheques for rhyming "claim" with "rain." All the best-known authors are occupied in judging Limerick verses.

A Sunday school teacher recently indicted for larceny said that he had been "gambling in Limericks." He was found guilty, but strongly recommended to mercy on account of the state of his mind.

Plans have been passed for a large police-station at Wapping. The Wapping prisoners made it necessary.

Why are cooks, just now, warlike persons? For weeks they have been shelling the peas, and are now cutting up the scarlet runners.

Mr. Algernon Ashton says that he will write no more letters to the Press about tombstones. This is a grave matter.

Being summoned at Greenwich for allowing her dog out without a collar, a lady explained that the animal had eaten it. She will now be summoned for starving the dog.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

M. R. (Lee).—Thanks for interesting anecdote. Your nephew is a bright boy!

H. T. (Cardiff).—We will consider your suggestion, but are pretty full up with "ideas" at present.

T. W. F. (Dublin).—Of course the Irish reader has as much chance of obtaining a winning number as anyone else. [See page 1 of this issue.] We should be the last to be party to any "injustice to Ireland."

W. M. A. (Belfast).—Glad to hear from you. Thanks to you and your sister.

G. E. A. (Marlborough) and A. E. R. (Regent's Park).—We are not dealing further at present with the Salvation Army.

D. K. (Henfield).—We are sending specimen copies. Hope soon to see your name on page 1.

RED ROVER (St. Ives).—Good!

P. B. (Bangor).—"Illustrated Guide, free, sixpence" cannot take a biscuit. Jim Crow has often stood free drinks which have cost the takers more than sixpence.

W. C. D. (London).—The only constitutional way of arriving at the will of the people is by the vote of the House of Commons. Still, we agree that a good deal of rubbish is talked on the subject.

T. M. (Oldbury).—You may legally sue your friend without a license, always assuming that money-lending is not your regular business. There is no good book touching on the art of money-lending. Are you anxious to learn the business? We should have thought this experience sufficient to warn you.

W. M. (Leamington).—We allow three weeks to elapse for the express purpose of meeting the risk to which you refer.

"A DRY OLD STICK" (Stafford).—We are keeping our eye on the people you name.

S. H. G. (Highbury).—We have already dealt with the "Endless prayer chain," and pointed out that one of our readers, who was promised a great blessing on the ninth day, *had twins.*

F. G. J. (Leeds) and C. H. (Wolverhampton).—Sorry we cannot alter our decision about O'Briens.

J. S. (Preston) thinks we should give the *Lancashire Daily Post* a biscuit for an advertisement requiring "a good General, for shooting." Why? Aren't there some generals of the domestic species who ought to be shot?

J. C. (Hornsey).—We are afraid, on investigation, that we cannot take upon ourselves the responsibility of further introductions.

E. R. (Clapham).—We are sending specimen copies. Glad you upheld the *bonâ fides* of our ballot scheme. No one connected, directly or indirectly, with our office has ever received, or will receive, any "winning number" money.

W. H. (Tooting).—Thanks for long letter. Glad your naval friends were "twisted with roars." We must try to amuse them again. Yes, we should have thought a severe eye test was sufficient for L.C.C. drivers without an elaborate medical examination.

A. M. (Fulham) sends an *Evening News* cutting about a fire at New York, "in which at least 15 or 20 persons lost their liver." What about their bacon?

"PASSENGER" (Southend-on-Sea) writes about the recent collision between the "Yarmouth Belle" and "Alouette." He was on board the latter, and saw the former catching her up. "At first she was a good way to the left of us, but she came up quite close, and to the astonishment of everybody suddenly cut right in front of the 'Alouette's' bow." He says the collision might have been very serious, and talks of "a foolhardy attempt to show off how skilfully one can pass very close to another vessel." The *Daily Mail* having published an inaccurate and insufficient account of the affair, our correspondent sent a correction, which has not been published. So he thinks the matter is being hushed up, which would be very unfair to the travelling public.

"055681" (Ashton-on-Lyne).—The *Manchester Evening Chronicle* certainly erred in imagining that "60 to-day" is the same as "entering his sixtieth year." By the way, which do you consider to be a man's sixtieth birthday?

B. J. (Balham Hill) sends us a watch circular to "use as we like." We do so gratefully.

"A WORKING MAN'S WIFE" thinks she ought to have a wage, and be included in the next Compensation Act. Most wives certainly deserve more than they get.

A. G. (London, W.C.) calls debt a "peculiarly mean and cowardly form of theft." But it is not everybody who can afford to be honest, and most people pay up when they can.

MR. WARREN (Streatham) asks the meaning of the German waren (were). He says the reason for his inquiry is that he never met anyone who spelled his name like his. No one would want to.

H. W. (Harringay) shares the view of Dr. Snow, who wrote an article in our columns some time ago to the effect that "a day in the country" is a false cry. He thinks a few coppers for the youngsters to spend in our own parks a much more sensible way of making the children happy. Nothing less than a fortnight, he thinks, is any good in the country.

F. S. M. (Partick), "2 T." (Ramsbottom) and others send us a report of the arrest of a boy for stealing a worm from the grounds of Roker Park, Sunderland. Enough to make it turn!

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LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

W. G. W. (Birmingham) was alarmed at seeing on the contents bill of the *Birmingham Gazette* the announcement "King and Kaiser meet. Striking scenes." He was relieved to find that the meeting was quite of a friendly character.

R. L. B. (Chester) calls our attention to the following appropriate quotation from "As You Like It":—

"We are not all alone unhappy;
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play."

Our correspondent should send his quotation to the Mayor of Coventry.

H. S. (Stubbins).—Thanks for cutting. We quite agree that our contemporary *Truth* is doing excellent service in its "Pillory" of the Great Unpaid.

E. H. J.—We have forwarded parcel of specimens, and quite appreciate the motives which prompted your letter.

J. C. (New Cross).—No biscuits for obvious misprints.

H. D. (Smethwick).—See answer to F. W. (Bury St. Edmund's).

P. C. (Upper Norwood).—See previous answer.

H. J. P. (Dover).—Thanks for your efforts on behalf of the paper. They are much appreciated.

"VENO" (Bishop Auckland).—We are afraid the county justices always lean towards the police, but the evidence appears a bit conflicting.

G. W. (Stratford) sends us an interesting letter on the subject of saddle donkeys. He pleads eloquently for improvement in the status of the ass. We need scarcely say that we are heartily with him. That is the very *raison d'être* of this journal—see our cover.

T. E. H. (London).—Thanks for copy of the parish magazine. We have awarded the vicar a biscuit. He fully deserves it. Fancy *counting* "over two million mussels"! Do you remember the story of the farm labourer who was sent to count the pigs, and explained that he had counted them all but one—"which wouldn't stand still"?

W. N. (Eccles).—Your definition of a bottle is very good, but it would not exclude a flask. How are you all up in Eccles? Heard anything of Ben Tillett lately?

H. A. R. K. (Gouth) protests against the statement made by Mr. G. R. Sims that it is usual for poor people in Wales to use their baths for storing coals. Our correspondent denies that more than one "poor" family in 250 has a bath. In any case, we are not surprised after the recent religious revival to find our Welsh friends placing Godliness before cleanliness. Personally, we prefer a clean heathen to a dirty Christian.

LENRAF (London).—He shall have a biscuit.

J. C. (Woking) suggests a biscuit for the *Weekly Dispatch* for two illustrations in an advertisement of that alleged skin remedy "Antexema"—whose little dodges we have already exposed. The first picture shows a very bad face, with thick lips, and all covered in "blotches." It is labelled, "Before using 'Antexema.'" The other is labelled, "*After* using 'Antexema'"—*and shows no face at all*. Many a true picture is printed by accident.

S. L. G. (London, S.E.) has been shocked by a sketch at a music-hall. We can only suggest that he should keep away from such places in future.

R. C. W. (Seven Kings) points out how *Pearson's Weekly*, after deducting some £246 for expenses in a competition, graciously announces that they have added 4s. to the remainder to make even money. What benevolence!

F. P. (Birmingham).—Evidently a printer's error. Three is an unusually early age for attempted suicide.

J. P. G. (Glasgow).—No biscuit for a very natural hesitation about a lady's age.

R. P. (Lower Broughton) wants to know the duties of a best man. He must take charge of the parson's fees, guard against the loss of the ring, make the bridegroom a handsome present, and, if possible, make himself agreeable to the bridesmaids. But we protest against the compliment of calling us "an interested paper."

"GATESHEAD" inquires about an alleged cure of cancer by radium. Even if the facts are as stated, a much longer time would be required to establish the permanency of the relief.

"HADSUM" paid 5s. last February to the Employers' Bureau (High Holborn) on the understanding that he should receive particulars of employment at not less than £1 a week. Since then he has heard no more, and he gathers that he must not expect to hear any more after the expiry of six months. Rather a one-sided bargain, was it not?

G. H. (London, E.C.).—You need not join the bored unless you like.

X. Y. Z. (Northampton) is right in believing we have warned our readers against the Macdonald Company.

H. E. H. (Streatham).—Thanks for tall stories. By all means agitate for increased wages for postmen.

"WORKMAN" (Cardiff).—It was a slip. Never say "very pleased," please.

"MIKE" (South Norwood).—We will ask Redmond about it, but you are inciting us to tread on delicate ground. The whole traffic must be overhauled one of these fine days.

F. W. (Bury St. Edmund's).—What egregious poetry! We have sworn an oath by the nine gods to answer no more questions about the Premium Tea Company.

W. S. S. (London, E.C.).—Why do you think your line any better than theirs?

W. G. H. (East Ham) has indited a poem, beginning—

"In the year 1910
I hope we'll have Crow with us then."

It appears that there is to be a German invasion, which Jim is expected to repel. He would repel anybody.

E. F. G. H. sends the following lines, with a reminiscence of his dear old mother, who used to say that there are more mugs in the world than are required for containing beverages:—

A sporting young writer named Scraps,
Sat down to judge essays on cats,
A friend made a call,
Said he, "Do you read ALL?"
Scraps winked—took a drink—and said, "Rats."

H. W. C. (Liverpool) tells us that when the Rev. Dr. Aked was in Liverpool the congregation objected to his using the title "Doctor," which he accordingly dropped, and concludes, "Since he got his £2,000 job he has returned to the use of 'Doctor,' become an American citizen, and disowned the people who recently provided him with his daily bread." But H. W. C. forgets that the reverend gentleman "received a call"!

A. F., Junior (Bournemouth).—Thanks for very interesting photographs. The cover of our journal certainly comes out well. We have shown Jim Crow the photo. with the beer bottle in the pocket, and, considering how near the neck of it is to your mouth, he cannot understand why the cork remains in.

A. E. H. (Rochdale).—You have misread the paragraph. It simply says that "he fell from his bicycle and died almost immediately." What's the matter with that?

E. P. R. (Eastbourne) appreciates our recent reference to Alderman Keay's Sabbatarian views, and calls our attention to a similarly morbid condition of mind on the part of Councillor O'Brien Harding, also of Eastbourne. He suggests that these people should be lured up to Beachy Head and then accidentally pushed over. If it were not inciting to murder, we should quite agree. We can only say that, if anyone should chance to meet either of the gentlemen in question on those lofty cliffs, we trust care will be taken *not* to shove up against him.

H. S. tells us that our correspondent Richard (Westbourne Park) will find a splendid book on colour mixing, etc., in David Patterson's *Science of Colour Mixing*, published by Scott, Greenwood and Co., 19, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 7s. 6d.

A. E. Mander, "Exponent of Telepathy" (Gloucester), tells us that "The miracle of telepathy is the absolute agreement between the two keenest men in the world" (or some similar incoherence), and wants to bet us an even £100 against his statement. He says he has deposited the £100 with "Encore, Limited," 25, Wellington Street, W.C. Encore! And, once again, Encore!! Still, if he will deposit it with *us*, we will cover it.

"JORDANHILL" (Glasgow).—We will consider your suggestion. Thanks for cuttings.

"NICRAP" (Ambergate).—Thanks for cutting, but scarcely suitable for a Biscuit.

P. C. (Herne Hill) writes us a long letter in reference to an invention of his for preventing fraud in the adulteration of spirits, etc., by means of "a special stopper made of glass, which is pressed into the neck of the bottle and cannot be withdrawn, a valve in the interior of the stopper preventing adulteration"; and wishes us to give him facilities for placing this invention before our readers. We are afraid the matter is out of our line. We have mentioned the matter to Jim Crow, but he *likes* his whisky adulterated—the more it burns, the better, says he.

"CROWING JIM" (Glasgow). We dinna ken what there is improbable about the story of the Dunoon girls.

A. B. C. (Bristol).—Have nothing to do with "Matrozone," or any other preparation of the kind. Let nature take its course.

M. C. P. (Highbury) is a member of the Rev. Mr. Swainston's Bible class at St. Barnabas, Holloway, and takes exception to our recent reference to those pawn tickets issued by the reverend gentleman. He, however, incidentally answers in the affirmative our inquiry as to whether there is a collection. So we were right in thinking that pledges are not redeemed absolutely free of charge.

H. H. (Buxton).—Thanks for suggestion, but it is rather late in the year to talk about *Old Moore's Almanack*.

"TOZAFE" (Gunnersbury).—We will consider your suggestions.

"HORSEY" (Bristol).—One of the best works on *The Horse* is published (under that title) by the Gresham Publishing Company, of 34, Southampton Street, Strand. We have sent you the Polymelus picture.

A. L. S. says that whilst passing through Marseilles the other day he picked up a copy of JOHN BULL, and found it "full of brains"; he wonders whether this throws any light on the great trunk tragedy! Very neat, A. L. S.

C. B. M. B. (Leyton).—We have no Motor Editor, so please enlighten us.

C. G. G. (Merton Park).—We agree. The paragraph is somewhat muddled, but you will remember it is now the holiday season, and summer drinks are so indigestible.

T. S. R. (Southwark Park).—We have already commented on Judge Willis's views of what constitutes human comfort.

J. M. (Paisley).—Too far fetched. Whose leg are you pulling?

R. H. (Ware).—In awarding Biscuits we must 'ware personalities.

S. S. (Bedford).—Yes, what a pretty face. Or is it an egg?

B. S. Junr. (Forest Gate) promises to invite us to a special banquet when Poland is free and he has been elected President of the Republic. We are keeping the date open.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

("*Larry Lynx*" of "*The People*," and "*Magpie*" of the "*Globe*.")

The "Hot Pellet."

It is really the small rings that support racing just now.

Observe it Next Week.

Racing in the north is much more on "go-as-you-please" lines.

Prejudices.

How repeatedly the price alters the intentions we have when first we go into the ring.

Put You Off.

Very frequently books of form might just as well be thrown away.

Our Losing Accounts Show it.

Do we not invariably do the wrong thing on a race-course—nine times out of ten?

Vague!

It is a common expression that a horse will take a "lot of beating." They generally get it.

Good for Trade.

The new Employers Liability Act has brought a lot of business from trainers in insuring their "lads."

Only Too Anxious to Win.

Whatever you say, hear, read, or see, depend upon it that 90 per cent. of the competitors nowadays are "trying."

Cum grano salis.

Which racing centre is it whose old-time occupants declare that all the "riff-raff" now come there to train?

Irony.

How remarkable it is that all horses named after individuals, especially famous folk, prove very moderate.

The Value of a Connection.

The intrinsic value of a substantial fielder's address-book is considerable—"addresses" being reckoned worth £1 for six.

Beats our Park Meetings.

Americans vow that Belmont Park is the finest course in the world. During a season half a million is given in stakes.

They Don't Always Win.

When one has the tip direct from the stable (or, possibly, the horse itself) it is called getting the cue "from the top shelf."

The Paying Victories.

Charlie Archer wins very few races each season, but his horses invariably come off the times they are seriously fancied.

Not a Regular.

A recent description of racing by a novice is that it would be lovely—*but for the horses*.

A la Cannon.

Señor Repetto, owner of the Stud Belgrano, in South America, has adopted the famous Danebury scarlet and white hoops.

Notice the Peculiarity.

Losing accounts are always to hand on Monday morning *prompt*. When you win, some cheques are just "a leetle" bit later in the week.

Not "Carpet-going."

The Sheepshead Bay (America) Race-course, although a magnificent track, is made of gravel, which is ruinous for the horses—in the long run.

A Fashion.

In the south we speak of "members' enclosures"; in the north it is always the "county stand"—and *very* much more difficult to obtain entry to.

Significant.

The most crowded pitch in cricket pavilions is round the board upon which are exhibited the racing results. It is a trouble to get near the front.

Custom Stales.

What a great number of little details there are set out on race cards which we "regulars" never notice, but of which the occasional attendant reads every word.

Mementoes.

On Beachy Head there still exist the old-time rails of the racecourse—for years ago the Eastbourne Races were held annually.

A Full Staff.

Canadian executives have a judge, an associate judge, a paddock judge, and two timers—all of whom are set out as officials on the card.

Whose Are They?

The horses of some owners are never backed by their friends when they "come up"—but invariably when they are "behind."

Public Convenience should be Studied.

Objections—particularly those it is possible to settle at once—should *never* be allowed to run over, especially if it be a week-end, so that they interfere with the "settling."

Each his Own Method.

How soon we get to know the different tactics of different jockeys when they are "not out." Some invariably go all the way thus "choking" their horse, while others, more cautiously, "never come near their field."

The Old and the New.

How remarkable it is that chauffeurs, when at a race-meeting, take not the faintest interest in what is going on—in fact, frequently, if possible, get away from the course until it is time to be leaving for home. Take ANY coachman, and he never leaves the rails except to bet and "blew" his money.

Executives Handicapped.

It is the duty, and to the advantage of race executives, to attract owners, who, therefore, run good horses, which in turn attract the public. The trouble is, however, that there are so many rules and conditions concerning the drawing up of programmes that many meetings become impossible, and only a few can afford to fall in with the regulations.

Blunt.

A very good, and true, story is told of the outspokenness of a certain noble owner whose representative was favourite for an important event this season. On the day of the race he somewhat startled his trainer by asking him suddenly: "Look here, 'X,' my horse is a 6 to 4 chance. Tell me, is he running for ME to-day or for 'Z'" (a bookmaker).

In the Market.

Darling is so "sick" of the good-looking, well-named Broomstick, that he has been offered—and will very probably be bought—by Cort, the trainer, for jumping. With handicappers rather sitting upon the very exposed Love Song, I am offering the chestnut to the South African market.

More Imported Jockeys.

It is very probable that before the end of this season we shall see yet another infant prodigy as a jockey imported from South America in a thirteen-year-old nigger boy, who has won no end of big races out there recently, and rides under five stone. A younger Torterolo is also *en route* for England to ride here.

Out of "Form."

As in finance, so does the cycle of luck run in racing groove. This time last year, for instance, we were all wondering at Maher's extraordinary good fortune in the big events, classic or handicap. Now the crack American cannot, figuratively speaking, win anything worth winning; while until successful in the Ascot Stakes and Alexandra Plate, the Manton stable—and Madden in particular—had endured a very long run of failure. Madden two seasons ago was irresistible, just as this year Higgs is carrying all before him in the chief events of the racing season.

Extraneous Influences.

Why we bet and how heavily we bet is, as a rule, governed by the most trivial matters, usually outside our own control, or influenced by the merest coincidences. After a temporary rest—even a blank Monday—racegoers, on both sides, return to the game timidly and modestly. Invariably it is the same at the beginning of a week's transactions. If a certain horse concerning which we had information were to run on a Monday or Tuesday, one might, taking it nominally, have, say, £5 on. Upon the *same* horse in exactly like circumstances, but on the Saturday, we should probably have £50. What and how we have done in previous speculation very much guides and governs us.

No One Infallible.

The very cleverest among owners and trainers make the biggest mistakes in turn, and it is therefore never safe to be carried away by popular sway in buying or selling horses. How frequently do we hear of an animal being submitted to auction that his owner or trainer, as the case may be, "would not get rid of him if he were any good"? Yet times out of number, in cases of both cheap purchases and high-priced animals, immediate success has followed, and frequently horses have proved gold mines to those who ran the risks of trying to do what someone else with a big reputation failed to do or hesitated in. Polymelus and Wuffy are recent cases in point.

The Sportsman (July 8th, 1907) says:—

"Mr. E. W. Betts, Turf Accountant, 41, Charing Cross Road is at the service of gentlemen wishing to do business through him. He has been established twelve years, and we do not know that there is any better guarantee of satisfactory treatment than the time test affords." All accounts, large and small, receive careful personal supervision. Write at once for full particulars and terms of business. Telephone No.: 9137, Gerrard.

"John Bull" recognises its Sporting Readers.

For many weeks there has been an advertisement on this page—I have often alluded to it—the photos of Mintagon, Trigg up, Polymelus, ridden by Maher, and the writer. All are on one sheet, and each is autographed, whilst the horses and jockeys are done in colour, and are absolutely *lifelike* portraits of man and horse. The owner, trainers, and jockeys have all in unison praised them as splendid pictures and true photographs. JOHN BULL had 10,000 done to celebrate the popular "double" of Mintagon's Cesarewitch and Polymelus's Cambridgeshire of last back-end. Such an event in this rapidly-moving world is now "a thing of the past," but there can be no denying what excellent mementoes these photos make, for their equal as an equine portrait has NEVER been produced. Some 1,500 of these pictures—which will years hence have great sporting value—are left over, and it has never been an ingredient of JOHN BULL's nature to play "dog in the manger." Therefore, one each will be given GRATUITOUSLY to its readers (who undertake to keep and display it) who are the owners or managers of licensed houses, tobacconist shops, billiard-rooms, or hairdressing saloons—such places where sportsmen do congregate and "talk racing." Each application must be upon the *printed* notepaper of the house or business, and enclose a penny stamp for postage. In giving away these pictures, which for 10,000 cost us 4¾d. each, we can hardly also be expected to throw in the postal tube (½d.) and postage. It will be a case of first come first served as far as the remainder of the pictures go, but, in good faith, the conditions MUST be complied with by our readers. ANYONE not a regular JOHN BULL reader, and not possessing an establishment wherein he pledges himself to hang up (and, if he thinks the picture worth it, to frame) the photo, is not eligible to ask for the gift. Few saloons, bars, etc., but are decorated nowadays with sporting pictures; and if publicans fear so to do because of the eagle eye of the law, imagining that it might mean there is betting carried on there, then they are welcome to the photo for their own private room.

Prophetic.

Recent results have all tended to make the Leger more open, and the usual "dangers" to the favourite have cropped up. Certainly

WOOLWINDER

is NOT a betting chance, but I think he will win, and ALTITUDE, on her latest form and continuous improvement, be placed.

We must, of course, adhere to

BIBIANI

EACH WAY in the Great Yorkshire Handicap if she competes, with danger from Royal Dream.

In the near future

IMPULSIVE

should win a race—especially a six or seven furlong Nursery; and to-day (Thursday), at Derby,

ALL BLACK

should take the Peveril of the Peak with AID to overcome.

£50,000 guaranteed deposit at Bankers. A deposit of this amount is enough in itself to ensure the confidence of every sportsman, and the keen pleasure of racing is greatly augmented by a feeling of absolute security in your turf accountant.

Select one, therefore, who has a sound business of long standing. Take, for instance, Mr. D. M. Gant (member of Tattersall's), 25, Conduit Street, W., London, known throughout the length and breadth of the land as England's premier turf accountant.

Many of the leading newspapers and magazines have independently investigated Mr. Gant's business, and in every case tributes have hereafter appeared recommending readers to transact their business with this excellent house.

In a word, this is a high-class turf commission agent's business, intelligently managed, on sound and straightforward principles, and offering the best terms obtainable. Clients can rest assured that they will receive prompt cash settlements, however large their claims.

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HOW TO BEAUTIFY THE HAIR.

Remarkable Free Offer Made to Readers of "John Bull."

HOME BEAUTY CULTURE FOR ALL.

The woman with beautiful hair is the woman who is always the centre of attraction, and, it must be said, the envied of her sisters. The man who keeps his hair in health, and possesses a full share of this natural adornment, is the man whom all his fellows admire. There is no question that in the matter of personal appearance the hair plays an important part, for, putting the case in the reverse light, as soon as the hair begins to fall from the head, loses colour, or becomes broken, an appearance of age is at once given to the face. Once these facts are appreciated by most people, the one great trouble is to know how to keep the hair in health and beauty, and when it loses its pristine freshness, how to restore the same, and what preparations to use for this purpose.

It is really quite painful to think of the many absurd ideas that people have in regard to the hair. Although this is the most delicate part it is subject to the most serious ill-usage. Preparations are applied to the hair which are not only useless, but, unfortunately, in many cases, exceedingly harmful. Occasionally we hear friends recommending amongst themselves grandmotherly ideas and recipes that have for the basis of their utility simple superstition.

There is, however, a greater trouble than this, and that is the modern concoctions that enterprising people, with no knowledge of this complex subject, but nevertheless backed by money, are endeavouring to force on those whose misfortune it is to suffer from hair troubles. It is, of course, difficult for the average person to choose a hair tonic that can be relied upon, and the only test on which the choice can be made is that of public appreciation and recommendation by usage.

"THE TESTIMONY TO HARLENE."

There is no question that the most popular of hair tonics of the present age is "Harlene." Used by all classes of Society, from Royalty downwards, it has held with striking success the supreme place it gained so many years ago in the confidence of the public. For nearly a quarter of a century "Harlene" has been used, and the testimony that has been called forth is of such a nature as to render it really valuable. When we find that the crowned heads of Europe have taken the pains to personally recommend its use among their friends, confidence in its merits must be established.

The proprietors of "Harlene" have decided that there shall be given an opportunity for every person, no matter in what station or class of life, to test without any cost or without the imposing of any obligation, the merits of "Harlene."

As the best method of doing this, they have decided to send, free of charge, a special free trial bottle. This special trial bottle will easily show the effect of this preparation on the hair, and the proprietors of "Harlene" feel confident that there are many classes of people to whom this offer is of special value, introducing to them, as it does, a natural and valuable hair tonic, which if persevered with will serve to remedy the most serious hair ailments.

"Harlene," unlike many of the so-called curative preparations placed on the market, is a hair tonic of real value, and has been recommended for use by medical men. Its effect on the hair is almost instantaneous, and even a few applications will serve to restore the natural beauty and healthy condition. In cases of baldness, "Harlene" stands without rival as a restorative agent, and in cases where practically every vestige of hair has disappeared, after the use of this tonic new hairs have been seen to grow. In cases of dry scalp, dull hair, greyness, and falling hair, it can be safely recommended to all that "Harlene" is the most valuable preparation to use.

THE SPECIAL FREE OFFER.

It is the earnest wish of the proprietors of "Harlene" that every reader of JOHN BULL shall take an early opportunity of writing for the special free bottle. All applications should be addressed to Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-6, High Holborn, London, W.C., and with each letter, giving name and address, three stamps must be sent to cover cost of return postage to any part of the world, mentioning name of this paper (foreign stamps accepted), or if called for at the Co.'s offices, no charge will be made.

Already several thousands of applications have been received for these special free trial bottles; but the proprietors are continuing their splendid offer, in order that every man and woman may be enabled to check any hair trouble from which they might be suffering. This opportunity of obtaining hair treatment free is quite unique, and certainly reflects great enterprise on the part of the inaugurators.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remark that "Harlene" is stocked by all chemists, and is sold in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. There is, however, no need to purchase right away, for, as stated above, it may be tested free. The proprietors of "Harlene" are naturally proud of the many unique testimonials they have received as to the value of their preparation. Perhaps the most important is that of Dr. George Jones, who says:—"I have examined and practically proved that 'Harlene' is not only an excellent grower, but is also a preventive against the loss of hair from falling out, and produces a luxuriant growth by continued application."

It may be mentioned that, in addition to being a tonic restorative, "Harlene" is a toilet luxury that all will appreciate. It is pleasant to use, and combines with its tonic properties a delicate, cooling sensation and healthy fragrance. Whilst once again urging readers of this journal to write for the special free trial bottle, a strong word of caution should be given against neglecting the troubles that affect the hair. Indeed, many a bald head could have been avoided by a little careful attention in early life. "Harlene" is no trouble to use, and it is not obnoxiously greasy. Indeed, its users say that the morning application of "Harlene" is a delight they would not miss. A personal visit at the Head Offices of Edwards' "Harlene" Co., 95-6, High Holborn, London, W.C., will obviate the postage expense, for if the special free trial bottle is called for, no charge whatever is made. This offer of a special free trial bottle may be accepted by any person in any part of the world.

A Supreme Luxury.

MENNEN'S TOILET POWDER

It's so Soothing

for all who suffer from chafed skin, excessive perspiration, sunburn, chaps, rashes or prickly heat. Unequalled for sore, tired, bad or unhealthy feet.

NOTHING is so comforting as

MENNEN'S

The Standard of PURITY.

FREE SAMPLE

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The PERFORMER

THE VOICE OF THE MUSIC HALLS.

THE ARTISTE'S OWN PAPER.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION . .

KNOW THE ARTISTES AS THEY ARE . .

By reading

The PERFORMER

EVERY THURSDAY. ONE PENNY.

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Grand Opportunity to Buy your own Country House.

Bungalow as above, 25 miles from London, and 10 minutes from Station, with one acre, £270.

£13 down and 3s. 9d. a week

Secures a pretty Bungalow, with one acre, in the country.

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